HENRY B. H. BEAUFOY, F.R.S.

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By A. H. de Sallengre

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Ebrietatis Encomium:

23006

OR, THE

PRAISE

OF

DRUNKENNESS.

WHEREIN

Is authentically, and most evidently proved, The *Necessity* of frequently *getting Drunk*; and, That the *Practice* of *getting Drunk* is most *Antient*, *Primitive*, and *Catholic*.

CONFIRMED

By the Example of *Heathens*, *Turks*, *Infidels*, *Primitive Christians*, *Saints*, *Popes*, *Bishops*, *Doctors*, *Philosophers*, *Poets*, *Free Masons*, and other Men of *Learning* in all Ages.

BY

BONIFACE OINOPHILUS,

de Monte Fiascone, *A. B. C.*

Vinum lætificans Cor hominis.

Narratur & Prisci Catonis,
Sæpe Mero caluisse virtus. HORAT.

LONDON:

Printed for E. CURLL, *over against* [illegible]
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THE PREFACE.

IF ever Preface might serve for an Apology, certainly this ought to do so. The bare Title of the Book is enough to have it universally cried down, and to give the World an ill Opinion of its Author; for People will not be backward to say, that He who writes the PRAISE OF DRUNKENNESS, must be a DRUNKARD by *Profession*; and who, by discoursing on such a Subject, did nothing but what was in his *own Trade*, and resolved not to move out of his *own Sphere*, not unlike BALDWIN a *Shoemaker*'s Son (and a *Shoe-Maker*) in the Days of Yore, who published a *Treatise on the* SHOES *of the Antients*) having a firm Resolution strictly to observe this Precept, *Ne sutor ultra Crepidam.*

To this I answer, I am very well contented, that the World should believe Me, as much a DRUNKARD, as ERASMUS, who wrote THE PRAISE OF FOLLY, was a FOOL, and weigh me in the same Balance.

But some will say, what Good can a Man propose to himself in being a PANEGYRIST FOR DRUNKENNESS? To solve this Difficulty I shall make use of a Comparison.

M. PELISSON, in his *History of the* FRENCH ACADEMY, says, that MENAGE did not compose that famous *Requete des Dictionaires*, in which he ridicules all the *Academicks*, on account of any Aversion he had to *them*, but purely to divert *himself*, and not to lose the witty Turns that came into his Head upon *that Subject*. In the same manner, I declare that I did not undertake this Work on account of any Zeal I have for WINE, you must think, but only to divert my self, and not to lose a great many curious Remarks I have made upon this most *Catholic Liquid*.

It may farther be objected, that this Work is so stuffed with Quotations,

that

that they hinder the Book it self from being seen; like what I heard say of a *Country Fellow*, who complained when he left *London*, that he could not see it for the *Houses*. As an Excuse for all the others, I shall make use of one Quotation more, and this I shall borrow from M. *Bayle*. * "There is no room to "doubt, says he, but some Readers "will judge, that there are a little too "many Quotations in this Work, which "is no less a Disorder, they will say, "than what happens in some Cities, "where the Strangers are more nume-"rous than the Citizens. But of what "Importance is it to Travellers, that "such Disorder appears in any Coun-"try, provided they find in it honest "Folks. There is no Reason why "Reading may not be compared to "Travelling. We should therefore be "very little concerned, whether, ac-"cording to the antient Country Fru-"gality, we are entertained with what "is of its proper Growth; or, if instead

* *Pref. des Rep. aux Quest. d'un Pr.* T. 1.

"of

" of the Flesh of domestic Animals, and " the Fruits of our own Vineyards and " Gardens, we are served with what " comes from the Market. That which " really is of Consequence, is, that the " *Meat* be wholesome and well dressed, " and the *Wine* good, &c. *Unde ha-* " *beat quærat nemo sufficit habere.*

As to the rest, I am very far from the Sentiments of a certain Writer, who having found in his Book *one* Fault only, consulted one of his Friends, whether he should put down *Errata* or *Erratum*. For my part, I subscribe with all my Heart to the *Errata* of *Benserade*, and in his Words frankly own, that altho'

Pour moy parmi des fautes innombrables
Je n'en connois que deux considerables
Et dont je fais ma declaration
C'est l'entrepriſe & l'execution
A mon avis fautes irreparables.
En ce Volume.

Tho' num'rous Faults I see, in this small Book,
(And so may any One that will but look).
I know but *Two* of much Consideration,
Of which I here make publick Declaration,
The *Undertaking* and the *Execution*,
Faults too extravagant for Absolution.

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THE

THE PRAISE OF DRUNKENNESS.

CHAP. I.

That One must be Merry.

IF on one Hand I have Reason to fear, that the Title of this Book will offend the delicate Ears of a great many, and make them say, that no Vice ever wanted its Advocate, *Nullo vitio unquam defuit advocatus.* I am not, perhaps, less exposed on the other, to the Criticisms of as many Folks, who will probably apply to me, that which was said heretofore to One in *Lacedemonia*, who had a

Mind to make an Encomium on *Hercules*, *viz.* Who ever blamed *Hercules*?

Quis Herculem vituperavit?

However, though I should have no Readers at all, yet am I resolved to continue my Discourse at the Hazard, in some Manner, of imitating *Pyrrho* the Philosopher, who one Day as he was haranguing the People, seeing himself abandoned by all his Auditors, pursued very magnanimously his Declamation to the End. To enter, therefore, upon the present Subject, I lay down this as my first Position, *viz.* *That it is lawful to get drunk sometimes.* Which I prove thus.

Sadness is in the highest Degree, prejudicial to Health, and causes Abundance of Distempers. There is no One ignorant of this Truth. Joy (or Mirth) on the contrary, prevents and forces them away. * *It is*, as the *Arabians* say, *the Flower and Spirit of a brisk and lively Health.* Let us run over, and examine all the different States of Life, and we shall be forced to own, that there is not one of them all, but what is subject to Chagrin and Sadness; and, conse-

* *Elle est, comme disent les* Arabes, *la Fleur & l'Esprit de la Santé vive & remuante.*

quently,

quently, that Joy, or Mirth, is most necessary to Men. Which very probably the Philosopher had in his Head, when he defined Man *a Risible Animal.* But be that as it will, one must certainly look upon that Maxim which recommends mingling of Pleasures with the Affairs of Life as a very wise one.

* *Sometimes with Mirth and Pleasure lard your Cares.*

We shall confirm this Precept by a beautiful Passage out of *Seneca*, whose Writings most certainly contain no loose Morality, and which is as follows. " The Soul must " not be always bent: One must sometimes " allow it a little Pleasure *Socrates* was " not ashamed to pass the Time with Children. *Cato* enjoyed himself in drinking " plentifully, when his Mind had been too " much wearied out in publick Affairs. " *Scipio* knew very well how to move that " Body, so much inured to Wars and Triumphs, without breaking it, as some now " a Days do, with more than womanly Pleasures; but as People did in past Times, " who would make themselves merry on " their Festivals, by leading a Dance really

* *Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis.*

" worthy Men of thoſe Days, whence could
" enſue no Reproach, when even their ve-
" ry Enemies had ſeen them dance. *One*
" *muſt allow the Mind ſome Recreation* : It
" makes it more gay and peaceful. And
" as it is not good too much to cultivate
" Soil the moſt fertile ; leaſt, by yielding
" too large Crops, it may ſoon run to De-
" cay and Ruin : So in the ſame Manner
" is the Mind broken by a continued La-
" bour and Application. Thoſe who re-
" ſpite a little, regain their Strength. Aſ-
" ſiduity of Labour begets a Languor and
" Bluntneſs of the Mind : For Sleep is ve-
" ry neceſſary to refreſh us, and yet he
" that would do nothing elſe but ſleep
" Night and Day, would be a dead Man
" and no more. There is a great deal of
" Difference between looſening a Thing,
" and quite unravelling it. Thoſe who
" made Laws have inſtituted Holy-days, to
" oblige People to appear at publick Re-
" joycings, in Order to mingle with their
" Cares a neceſſary Temperament. There
" have been ſeveral very great Men (as I
" have mentioned) who would ſet apart
" certain Days of the Month for that End
" and ſome others, who had every Day ſe
" Hours for Work, and other ſet Hours
" for Recreation.—— *One muſt* therefore
" *allow the Mind ſome Recreation.* One muſt
" allow it ſome Repoſe and Leiſure, which
" ma

"may serve for new Strength and Nourishment. You must sometimes walk in the open Air, that the Mind may exalt itself by viewing the Heavens, and breathing the Air at your Ease; sometimes take the Air in your Chariot, the Roads and the Change of the Country, will re-establish you in your Vigour; or you may eat and drink a little more plentifully than usual. Sometimes One must go even as far as to get drunk; not, indeed, with an Intention to drown our selves in Wine, but to drown our Cares. For Wine drives away Sorrow and Care, and goes and fetches them up from the Bottom of the Soul. And as Drunkenness cures some Distempers, so, in like manner, it is a sovereign Remedy for our Sorrows *.

It must be confess'd, indeed, that properly speaking, this Passage of *Seneca* is levelled only against too great Assiduity in Labour and Business; the Application, however, is very just in Relation to Chagrin, which causes in Men's Minds a far greater Alteration than can be excited by the most rude Labour either of Mind or Body.

The Ancients had besides this, another Motive which induced them to make mer-

* *Seneca de Tranquilitate.*

ry, and paſs their Time agreeably. They conſidered the ſhort Duration of their Life, and for that Reaſon endeavoured to make the beſt Uſe of it they could. It will be no difficult Matter for me to prove what I here advance.

Every One knows that the *Egyptians* made Uſe of a very extraordinary Cuſtom in their Feſtivals. They ſhewed to every Gueſt a Skeleton: This, according to ſome, was to make them think of Death. Others again aſſure us, "That this ſtrange Figure was "made Uſe of to a quite contrary End: "That this Image of Death was ſhewn for "no other Intent, but to excite them to "paſs away their Life merrily, and to em-"ploy the few Days of its ſmall Duration "to the beſt Advantage; as having no "other Condition to expect after Death, "but that of this frightful Skeleton *.

This laſt Sentiment is, without Doubt, moſt probable; for what Likelyhood is there that People would make Reflections the moſt ſad and ſerious, at a Time when they propoſed only to divert, and make themſelves merry. This Influence had the Sight of a Skull upon the Mind of *Trimalchion*, who, *Petronius* † tells us, thus expreſſed himſelf on that Object. "Alas! Alas! wretched

* *Hiſtoire de Sept Sages*, &c. *p.* 137. † *Chap.* 34.

"that

" that we are! What a nothing is poor
" Man! we shall be all like this, when Fate
" shall have snatch'd us hence. Let us
" therefore rejoyce, and be merry while we
" are here. The *Latin* is much stronger.

Heu! Heu! nos miseros! quam totus homuncio nil est,
Sic erimus cuncti, postquam nos auferet Orcus.
Ergo vivamus, dum licet esse, bene.

A little before he said almost the same Thing. " Alas! Wine therefore lives lon-
" ger than Man, let us then sit down and
" drink Bumpers; Life and Wine are the
" same Thing. *Heu! Heu! ergo diutius vivit vinum, quam homuncio. Quare Tangomenas faciamus, vita vinum est.* This puts me in Mind of what *Athenæus* * reports of an *Egyptian*, called *Mycernius*. This Man having been told by the Oracle, that he had but a very short Time to live, resolved to make the most of that short Space, and to that End did nothing but drink Night and Day.

This Thought of an approaching Death, is not so importunate as is believed, since it is, says an † anonymous *French* Author, a

* *Lib.* 10. *cap.* 10.
† *Reflex. sur les Morts plaif.* p. 22.

principal Beauty of an ancient Hymn of the Poet *Cecilius*. " *Let me be assured,* says " he, *that I shall live six Months, and I shall* " *employ them so well, as to dye the seventh* " *without any Regret in the World.*

The same Author goes on thus, " The " Moderns have not failed imitating the " elegant Flights of the fine Wits of the " ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*. I find, espe- " cially, that the *Italians* come nearer to " them; perhaps, because they are more " proper than others to refine on Pleasure. " This is the Character of the Nation, of " the Truth of which I shall give no other " Proof, than the last Lines of an Elegy, " written by *Sannazarius*, a *Neopolitan* Gen- " tleman. The Sense of which in *English* run thus.

Since vig'rous Youth, all blooming, brisk, and gay,
Excites our tender Souls to sport and play,
Let's taste ambrosial Pleasures whilst we may.
Those Joys to which our Souls are most inclin'd,
And suit the throbbing Passions of the Mind.
Let's love while soft ecstatick Fires engage,
And shew us Lovers on the World's great Stage,
Dull Reason only suits with frightful Age.

And

And see, she comes, for ever to destroy,
For ever all our Bliss, and all our Joy.
Unwelcome Age comes on with swiftest Pace;
Let's then prevent this wretched sad Disgrace.
O may the Terrors of approaching Fate,
Excite new Fires, inspire fresh vig'rous Heat;
That Love may Sov'reign reign in ev'ry Part,
And drive unworthy Weakness from our Heart.
Thrice happy, if surpriz'd by Death one Day,
Absorpt in sweetest Bliss we die away.

But to return to my Subject. We are told for certain, that the *Scythians* used to drink out of a Skull; and probably they had the same Design in doing so as the *Egyptians* had in looking on their Skeletons. But leaving these Objects, which cannot be very diverting, in what View soever one may consider them, let us come to the *Romans*. *Gruter* tells us in his Inscriptions *, that they used to cry out at their Feasts,

AMICI,
DUM VIVIMUS,
VIVAMUS.

* P. 609.

That is, *Friends, while we live, let us be merry.* For *Raderus* has evidently made it appear, by several Examples out of *Catullus, Cecilius, Varro, Anacreon,* and other antient Authors, that *vivere,* or *to live,* signifies to make merry, to give one's self up to all Kinds of Pleasures, making good Chear, *&c.*

I know not whether the *Gascogns,* who pronouncing the *V* Consonant like *b,* instead of VIVIS *& regnas in secula seculorum,* say (as I have been informed, how true it is I know not) BIBIS *& regnas in secula seculorum,* are of the same Sentiment with *Raderus* in this Point: But very probably that good honest *German* was, who in a Kind of Ecstasy over a Bottle cry'd out,

O felices populi, quorum vivere *est* bibere!

However, to prove this, as also at the same Time to confirm what has been said above, in relation to the Motives that induced People of old Times to make merry, I shall instance some Passages of the Ancients. But first let us not omit this Inscription in *Gruter* *, which is not much unlike the former.

---

* P. 699.

VIVE,

VIVE, HOSPES, DUM LICET, ATQUE VALE.

" Be merry, Landlord, and enjoy your
" self while 'tis in your Power, as for the
" rest, Adieu.

Martial says somewhere, Be merry to-Day, depend not on to Morrow.

Sera nimis vita est crastina, vive hodie.

Catullus expresses much the same Sentiments, in these beautiful Verses:

" *Vivamus*——
" *Rumoresq; senum severiorum,*
" *Omnes uninus estimemus assis.*
" *Soles occidere & redire possunt;*
" *Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,*
" *Nox est perpetua una dormienda.*

" Let us be merry——
" And all the rigid Cant of peevish Age,
" Count as poor Straws that on the Surface
float.
" The Sun may roll his swift diurnal Course,
" And from the Ocean raise again his Head,
" But when our glimm'ring Lamp of Life's
expir'd,
" One long perpetual Night we then must
sleep.

Horace,

Horace, in several Places says how we ought (according to him) to employ to the best Advantage the little Time we have to live; but especially in one of his Odes, which in *English* would run thus.

I.

All Things hereto invite. Come, come, away,
Let's seize the present Hours, nor vainly care
For future Time, but wisely, only fear
To lose of Life one short uncertain Day,
Or Moment, which in Death must soon decay,
No human Force can her strict Laws withstand:
Her cruel Rigour no one spares,
The blooming Cheek, and hoary Hairs,
Alike submit to her victorious Hand.
O'er all she bears unbounded Sway,
All her impartial Scythe relentless mows:
Th' ill-manner'd Tyranness no Difference shows,
Betwixt Imperial and Plebeian Clay.

II.

When we the dark and dismal Beach
Of dreaded Floods below shall reach,
And vain, cold Phantoms quiv'ring stand,
In those sad gloomy Shades of Night,
No *Cynthia*'s Charms will then command,
Nor *Iris* with her Angel's Voice delight;

Nor *Doris* with soft dying Languors move.
These dreary Realms exclude, alas! for ever Love.

III.

Nor are there any boon Companions *there*,
To laugh, and sing, and make good Chear:
There shall we taste no more that wondrous Juice,
That Nectar which the blessed Vines produce,
The Height of all our Joy, and Wishes *here*.
Nor those sweet Entertainments gay,
When by the Glass inspir'd so many Kings
We tope, and speak, and do heroick Things,
And count our selves more happy far than they.
These Days of ours the fatal Sisters spin,
To consecrate to Love and Wine,
Let's now, e'er 'tis too late begin.
Alas! without these Pow'rs divine
What should one do with a vain useless Thread?
What does it aught avail to breathe and move?
One had as good be dead,
Much better be no more, than not to drink and love.

I shall close this Chapter with one of the *Anacreontick* Odes of the famous Monsieur *La Motte*, Author of the *Fables Nouvelles*, lately translated into *English* under the Title of *Court Fables*.

" *Buvons.*

" *Buvons, Amis, le tems s'enfuit,*
" *Menageons bien ce court espace.*
" *Peut-etre une eternelle nuit*
" *Eteindra le jour qui se passe.*

" *Peut-etre que Caron demain*
" *Nous recevra tous dans sa Barque,*
" *Saisissons un moment certain.*
" *C'est autant de pris sur la Parque.*

" *A l'envi laissons-nous saisir,*
" *Aux transports d'une douce Yvresse:*
" *Qu'importe si c'est un plaisir,*
" *Que ce soit folie ou sagesse.*

" Let's drink, my Friends, Time flies away,
" Let's husband well this little Space;
" For what we know, this very Day
" May to eternal Night give Place.

" Let's snatch from Fate one certain Minute,
" Perhaps to morrow *Charon*'s Wherry,
" May every Mother's Son take in it,
" And waft us o'er the *Stygian* Ferry.

" In giddy Transports without measure
" With Wine let's drown all Melancholy.
" No matter, if it be a Pleasure,
" Whether 'tis Wisdom call'd, or Folly.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

That Wine drives away Sorrow, and excites Mirth.

OF all the Means proper to drive away Sorrow, and excite Mirth in the Minds of Men, Wine is certainly the moſt agreeable and efficacious.

For in the firſt Place it baniſhes all manner of Cares, and makes us entirely forget them, producing the ſame Effect as the Waters of the River *Lethe* on thoſe Souls which were deſtined to enter into other Bodies.

——— *Animæ quibus altera fato*
Corpora debentur, Lethei ad fluminis undam
Securos latices, & longa oblivio potant *.

——— Thoſe Souls which Fate decrees
Shall other Bodies take, upon the Strand
Of *Lethe* ſit, and drink ſecure the Flood,
And long Oblivion.

* *Virgil. Æneid. lib. 6. v. 713.*

For

For the same Reason, undoubtedly, *Isidore* defined Drunkenness a certain Forgetfulness caused in the Mind, through Indulgence of immoderate Drinking. His Words are these, *Ebrietas est per quam menti quædam oblivio generatur ex superfluorum potuum indulgentia* *.

A certain *French* Poet † sings thus much in the same Tune.

" *Oui Thirsis ceſt le vin qui nous fait rejeunir,*
" *Et qui bannit de nos pensees;*
" *Le regret de choses possees,*
" *Et le crainte de l' avenir.*

Yes, *Thirsis*, 'tis the Vine's prolific Juice
Can Youth and Beauty re-produce,
Banish the sad Regret of former Years,
And of Futurity the Fears.

In the next Place, Wine is a sovereign Remedy against a particular Species of Sorrow or Chagrin, I mean a Sort of inward Weariſomeneſs, which the *French* call *Ennui*. I shall explain my self a little farther, and for my Expositor I cannot make Choice of a fitter Person than Mr. *de St. Evremont* ||, who after having discoursed a little on this

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* *Lib.* 3. *Etymol.*
† *Rec. Poes.*
|| *Miscel. Vol.* 1.

Subject

Subject, adds, " That good Cheer with " ones Friends, is a ſovereign Remedy " againſt this Kind of Chagrin ; for be- " ſides that Converſation at ſuch Times " becomes more free and gay, it inſenſibly " ſweetens it. It is certain, that Wine rouſes " up the Forces of Nature, and gives our " Soul a Vigour capable to drive away all " Sorts of Uneaſineſs. I know very well " that certain moroſe People, at leaſt exter- " nally ſo, and in Appearance, will ſhew a " great deal of Averſion for a Remedy, " the Delights of which they do not how- " ever, too much deſpiſe. But all Grimace " aſide. I don't trouble my ſelf with their " ill underſtood Severities, ſince the moſt " ſevere Philoſopher in the World has ad- " viſed us to make Uſe of this Remedy ; " and the moſt moroſe of our illuſtrious " Men have ſubmitted, if we may ſay ſo, " their moſt auſtere Virtues, to the Charms " of this ſweet Pleaſure ; and the moſt wel- " bred People have not diſdained its U- " ſage.

In a Word (I muſt ſpeak a little *French* now and then).

* *Le Vin fait que les annees,*
Nous durent moins que les journees.

---

* *Rec. de Poeſ.*

Wine

Wine makes whole Years to pass away,
And seem much shorter than one Day.

But it does more than all this, it even asswages Choler; 'tis an admirable Cataplasm for Rage. To cite a vast Number of Examples to prove this important Truth would be superfluous. Amongst the many illustrious ones I could instance, I shall content my self to mention that of the Emperor *Maximin* *, who having been declared an Enemy to the People of *Rome*, by the Senate, fell into such a Rage and Fury, that no other Way could be thought on to bring him back to his natural Temper, than by making him drunk.

But let us return to the two principal Qualities of Wine, which consist in driving away Care and Sorrow, and exciting Mirth and Joy.

A certain *French* Author † has a few Verses on this Subject, which, as not *mal a propos*, I shall here insert. Talking of the good Qualities of Wine, he says,

" *Tu sais, mon cher Tirsis, qu'il a le privilege*
" *D'etouffer les ennuis dont l'aigreur nous assiege.*

---

* *Jul. Capit. Hist. Aug. Script. Fol. p.* 359.
† *Nicol Rec. de Vers. p.* 44.

" E-

" *Et que cette liqueur chasse de nos esprits,*
" *Tous les facheux pensers dont nous sommes surpris,*
" *C'est ce qui nous oblige a cherir la bouteille.*

You know, dear *Thyrsis*, and full well you know,
To Wine this Privilege we owe,
It stifles all those sad invading Cares
Which irksome Chagrin ever wears.

This sprightful Liquid makes us brisk and gay,
And drives effectually away
Those Thoughts vexatious that surprize our Soul,
And makes us cherish the full Bowl.

Seneca, whom I have mentioned in the foregoing Chapter, confirms what has been said, " Sometimes (says he) one must go even " so far as Drunkenness; not, indeed, that " it may drown us, but drown our Cares. " For Drunkenness washes away Care, and " moves the very Bottom of the Soul. And " as it is a sovereign Remedy against some " Distempers, so is it a perfect Cure for " Heaviness and Sorrow. *Nonnunquam usque ad ebrietatem veniendum, non ut mergat nos, sed ut deprimat curas. Eluit enim curas, & ab imo animæ movet, & ut morbis quibusdam,*

busdam, ita tristitiæ medetur *. On this Account certainly it was, *Pliny* maintained that *Nepenthe*, whose Virtues *Homer* so much exaggerates, was nothing in the World but generous Wine.

Horace, in like manner, insists, that Wine is the only proper Expeller of the most racking Cares.

——— *Neque*
Mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines †.

Nor otherwise are cank'ring Cares remov'd.

And thus advises the sage *Plancus* to have Recourse to this Remedy:

" *Sic tu sapiens finire memento*
" *Tristitiam, vitaque labores*
" *Molli, Plance, mero.*

So, thou, sage *Plancus*, this *Memento* keep,
To lull the Cares and Toils of Life asleep
With Cordial Juleps of old mellow Wine;
The grand and universal Anodyne.

In another Place he thus beautifully sounds the Praises of Drunkenness.

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* *Seneca de Tranquil.* † *Lib.* I. *Ode* 18.

" *Ebrietas*

" *Ebrietas quid non designat? operta recludit*
" *Spes jubet esse ratas: in prælia trudit inertem,*
" *Sollicitis animis onus eximit: addocet artes.*
" *Facundi calices, quem non fecere disertum?*
" *Contracta quem non in paupertate solutum.*

In Drunkenness what pow'rful Magick lies,
What's most invelop'd from re-searching Eyes,
(Transparent Thing!) it evidently shows,
The Innocent no dark Disguises knows.
By her Commands our Hopes maturely rise,
Push'd on to War the Coward dauntless dies,
And sinking Minds beneath unweildy Care,
Cast off the Load, and move with sprightful Air.
To her, all Arts their Origin must owe:
What Wretch so dull but eloquent must grow,
When the full Goblets with persuasive Wine,
Inebriate with bright Elegance divine,
The drunken Beggars plume like proudest Kings,
And the poor Tipsy Slave in Fetters sings.

After all this, will any one accuse me for a Plagiary, and that I steal from the most common Places? No Matter. I have Company enough: Do not all modern Authors do so? However, I shall not for all that, pass over in Silence what *Ovid* has said of this same Drunkenness. The Passage is this. " *Vina*

" *Vina parant Animos, faciuntq; coloribus aptos,*
" *Cura fugit, multo diluiturq; mero.*
" *Tunc veniunt risus, tunc pauper cornua sumit,*
" *Tunc dolor & curæ, rugaq; frontis abit.*
" *Tunc aperit mentes, avo rarissima nostro*
" *Simplicitas, artes excutiente Deo.*

As I am nothing less than a Poet, I shall not presume *to dance with the Nine Sisters*, to make use of the Thought of the ingenious *Sarasin*. However, here follows an Ode of *Anacreon*, which may supply the Place of a Translation of those Verses of *Ovid*.

I.

When I hold a full Glass in my Hand,
I laugh and I merrily sing;
I think I have sov'reign Command
And the Treasures possess of a King.

II.

Let who will try their Fate in the Field,
In War all their Days let them pass:
No Arms but the Bottle I'll wield,
Fill, Boy, then, a thundering Glass.

III.

If *Bacchus* the Victory gain,
On the Ground tho' I'm motionless laid;
All agree it, *a Truth very plain*,
'Tis better be *Drunk* than be *Dead*.

And very probably the *Greek* Philosopher had Wine in view, when he caused an In-

scription

cription to be made over his Door in these Words, in Capitals, *Here are Remedies for all Sorts of Afflictions: Here are Cures for all Distempers of the Soul.*

The Philosopher so often quoted by *Seneca*, desired no more than Bread and Cheese, to rival *Jupiter* in Happiness: For my Part, though I am no less a Philosopher, yet I desire nothing to effect this, but good Wine. For when I take a hearty Glass, I find my self so much transported with Joy, that I could almost cry out with that little Fool in the *Latin* Comedy *, *Now could I pardon any one that would kill me, so much afraid am I lest some Accident may trouble the Purity of my Happiness, and mingle some ungrateful Bitter with the exquisite Sweets I now enjoy.* And, indeed, it is amongst Bottles and Glasses that one may truly say,

——— "*Mediis videat discumbere in astris,*
"*Cum Jove, & Iliacâ porrectum sumere dextrâ*
"*Immortale merum* †.

Far from the Earth remov'd in Realms above,
I seem amongst the Stars to sit with *Jove:*

* Nunc est profecto cum me patior interfici, ne hoc gaudium aliquâ contaminetur ægritudine. *Eunuch.*
† *Statii Sil.* 2. *Lib.* 4.

Lolling

Lolling in Eaſe celeſtial, lie ſupine,
And taſte from *Ganymede* immortal Wine.

And without doubt *Aſclepiades* had al
this in his Head, when he maintained tha
the Gods produced nothing that equalled
Wine in Goodneſs. *Philoſtratus* is much o
the ſame Sentiment, who after having ta-
ken Notice of the Edict of the Emperor *Do-
mitian*, who forbad Men to be caſtrated
and Vines to be planted, he adds, Tha
this admirable Emperor did not reflect tha
he made the Earth in ſome Sort an Eunuch
at the ſame Time that he ſpared Men.

Varro founded the Praiſe of Drunkenneſ
in Terms no leſs pathetick.

" *Vino nil quicquam jucundius eluet,*
" *Hoc continet coagulum convivii ;*
" *Hoc hilaritatis dulce ſeminarium*
" *Hoc agritudinem ad medendam invenerunt*

Than Wine no Orient Jewels finer play,
And dart more pleaſantly their glittering
Ray.
This vital Juice, the Cream of all the Feaſt,
Strong Cement, cloſe uniting every Breaſt,
The ſweet prolifick Seed of gay Deſires,
Bright Mirth, and gen'rous Amity inſpires.
This was found out a certain Remedy
To ſet Mankind from all Diſtempers free.

Mon-

Monsieur *La Motte*, whom I must ever admire, for his inimitable COURT FABLES, before mentioned *, will furnish us with a beautiful Ode to close this Chapter †.

" Bacchus *contre moi tout conspire,*
" *Viens me consoler de mes maux :*
" *Je vois au mépris de la Lire*
" *Couronner d'indignes Rivaux.*

" *Tout me rend la vie importune*
" *Une Volage me trahit,*
" *J'eus peu de bien de la fortune,*
" *L'Injustice me le ravit.*

" *Mon plus cher ami m'abandonne,*
" *En vain J'implore son secours,*
" *Et la Calomnie empoisonne*
" *Le reste de mes tristes jours.*

" Bacchus *viens me verser a boire*
" *Encore —— bon —— Je suis soulagé,*
" *Chaque coup m'ôte la memorie*
" *Des maux qui m'avoient affligé.*

" *Verse encore —— Je vois l'allegresse*
" *Nager sur le jus precieux.*

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* *These* FABLES *are translated into* English *by Mr.* Samber, *and printed for* E. Curll, *in the* Strand.
† *Ode* 9. *Anacr.*

" *Donne, redouble —— O douce Yvresse!*
" *Je suis plus heureux que les Dieux.*

Help, *Bacchus*, or I'm quite undone,
All Things against my Peace conspire;
Unworthy Rivals many a One,
I find, despising Song and Lyre.

My Life's intirely irksome grown
By an Inconstant I'm betray'd,
On that small Fortune, once my own,
Injustice has severely prey'd.

Forsaken by my dearest Friend,
In vain his Succour I implore;
And Calumnies rank Poisons send,
And what is left of Life devour.

Bacchus, some Wine; fill higher yet
Again —— so —— I some Comfort find;
Each smiling Glass makes me forget
Those Evils that have rack'd my Mind.

Some more —— I see gay Images
On the rich Surface, sprightly move,
Fill double —— O sweet Drunkenness!
I'm happier than the Gods above.

CHAP. III.

That it is good for one's Health to get Drunk sometimes.

ALTHO' Mirth and Joy be absolutely necessary to Health, yet it must be allowed, that there are a great many Pleasures very injurious and prejudicial to it; and we should act with Precaution in using those we make choice of *. But this Precaution is not necessary in those we seek in the sweet Juice of the Grape. So far is Drunkenness from prejudicing our Health, that, on the contrary, it highly preserves it. This is the Sentiment of the most able Physicians. These worthy Gentlemen are Arbiters of Life and Death. They have over us, *Jus vitæ & necis*. We must therefore believe them. *Ergo*, Let us heartily Carouse. Every one knows, that *Hippocrates*, the Prince of Physicians, prescribes getting Drunk once a Month, as

* *Voluptates ut mel summo digito degustandæ non plenâ manu sumendæ.* Dionys. Sophron. apud Philostr.

a Thing very necessary to the Conservation of Health; for, according to him, in the Words of a certain *French* Lady *.

" *Une utile & douce Chaleur*
" *Fait qu'on pense au sortir de Table*
" *Avoir pris de cet Or potable,*
" *Qui triomphe des ans, qui chasse la douleur,*
" *Qui fait tout, & qui par malheur*
" *N'a jamais été qu'une Fable.*

When from the Bottle, flush'd with Wine we rise,
The brisk Efluvia brighten in our Eyes;
This sweet and useful Warmth still makes us think
That Cups of potable rich Gold we drink,
Which baffles Time, and triumphs over Years,
Drives away Grief, and sad perplexing Cares
Does all, and yet in Fables sweet Disguise,
O dire Mishap! its only Essence lies.

" *Avicenna* and *Rasis*, most excellent Phy
" sicians of *Arabia*, say †, That it is a Thing
" very salutary and wholesome to get Drunk
" sometimes.

Monsieur *Hofman* confirms what has been just now said in relation to *Avicenna*, and

* *Mad. Desboul.* T. 2. Ep. p. 104.
† *Dict. Lec. de P. Messie*, Part 2. ch. 15.

add

adds thereto the Testimony of another Physician. "*Avicenna*, says he *, absolutely approves getting Drunk once or twice every Month, and alledges for it physical Reasons." *Dioscorides* says, "That Drunkenness is not always hurtful, but that very often it is necessary for the Conservation of Health. *Homer* says, That *Nestor*, who lived so long, toss'd off huge Bocals of Wine †.

Monsieur *Hofman* believes also, That Wine is an excellent Preservative against Distempers, and of an admirable Use in their Cure. In like manner, several Divines believe, that there is no manner of harm in getting Drunk, when it is done for Health sake and not for Pleasure. In this Class one may reckon *Pere Taverne*, a Jesuit ‖. These are his Words. "Drunkenness, says he, is a mortal Sin, if one falls into it for Pleasure only; but if one gets Drunk for any honest End: as for Example, by Direction of ones Physician in order to recover Health, there is no manner of harm in it at all.

But however, not to digress too much from our Subject, to preserve their Health

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* *Hofman*, T. 2. 9 *Dissert.* ch. 6.

† Bocal, *an* Italian *Word, and signifies a Pot or Jug holding about three Pints.*

‖ *Synopses Theolog. pract.*

the *Africans* drink a great deal of Wine; and this they do to help the Digestion of the vast Quantity of Fruits they eat.

* *Montaigne* tells us, That he heard *Silvius*, an excellent Physician of *Paris*, say, That to keep up the Powers of the Stomach, that they faint not, it would be very proper to rouze them up once a Month by this wholesome Excess. And if we believe *Regnier*, a young Physician does not see so far as an old Drunkard †.

We also say with the *French* Poet ‖.

" *Si* Bourdaloue ‖‖ *un peu severe*
" *Nous dit: craignez la volupté*
" Escobar ‖‖, *lui dit on mon Pere*
" *Nous la permet pour la Sante!*

If *Bourdaloue*, somewhat severe,
Warns us to dread voluptuous Sweets,
Good honest Father *Escobar*,
To fuddle for ones Health permits.

And, by the by, if the Number of Physicians, who used to get drunk, proves any Thing, I could insert a good round Cata-

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* *Essays*, lib. 2. cap. 2.
† *Satir.*
‖ *Boileau.*
‖‖ *The Names of two Jesuits, the former a famous Preacher, and the other as famous a Casuist.*

logue, amongst whom I do not find any *English* Doctors, for they are the most abstemious Persons in the World; however, being unwilling to trouble my gentle Reader with so long a Bead-Roll, I shall instance only two very illustrious Topers of the Faculty. The first is no less a Man than the great *Paracelsus*, who used to get Drunk very often; and the other is, the famous Master Dr. *Francis Rabelais*, who took a singular Pleasure to moisten his Clay; or, to make use of one of his own Expressions, *Humer le piot.*

I could, after these, mention *Patin**, who tells us, That when he gave his publick Entertainment for his *Decanat*, or Deanship, at which Thirty six of his Collegues assisted, he never saw in all his Life so much toping. From all which, however, one may very reasonably infer, that so many able Persons would never have drunk so much, had they not thought it was no ways prejudicial to their Health.

To conclude, let any one alledge this Verse as a Maxim, that

Pocula non lædunt paucula, multa nocent.

It does no Harm to take a Glass or two,
But in great Numbers mighty Ills accrue.

---

* *Esprit de Pat.* p. 51.

And I ſhall do my ſelf the Honour to anſwer him with another Verſe, that ſometimes

Una ſalus ſanis multam potare ſalutem †.

The only Health to People hail and ſound,
Is to have many a tipling Health go round.

And that this is true, witneſs the great *Hippocrates*, who ſays,

That what to Health conduceth beſt,
Is Fuddling once a Month at leaſt‖.

† *Owen, Ep.*

‖ *Qui'l faut a chaque moi.*
Du moin s'enyvrer une fois. Fureteriana.

CHAP. IV.

That old People ought to get Drunk sometimes.

WINE taken with some Excess is excellent for old People.

— *Ubi jam validis quassatum est viribus ævi*
Corpus & obtusis ceciderunt viribus Artus *.

When shaken by the powerful Force of Age
The Body languid grows, and ev'ry Joynt
Its proper Juice exhal'd, all feeble droops.

And is not the Reason plain? Because it moistens their dry Temperament, and nourishes their radical Moisture. Hence came the Proverb, which says, That Wine is the Milk of old Men †. *Tirellus*, in his History, declares the same Thing, when he says, That Wine is the Nutriment of natural

* *Lucret. Lib. 3.*
† *Vinum lac Senum.*

Heat †. Conformably to this Truth that old Man acted, of whom *Seneca* makes mention, who being pressed to drink Wine cooled in Snow, said, That his Age made him cold enough, and that he did not desire to be more cold than he was*. Than which, certainly no Answer could be more just and true.

Besides, the Infirmities of an advanced Age require some Consolation and Diversion. Let us see what *Montaigne* says, who was not much given to Tippling; for he plainly says, That his Gout and Complexion were greater Enemies to Drunkenness than his Discourse. His Words are these, "The Inconveniencies attending old Age, "which stand in need of some Support and "Refreshment, might with Reason produce "in me a Desire of this Faculty, since it is, "as it were, the last Pleasure that the "Course of Years steals from us. The natural Heat, say the boon Companions, "begins first at the Feet, this is the Cafe "of Infancy; thence it ascends to the middle Region, where it continues a long "while, and there produces in my Mind the "only true Pleasures of the corporal Life; "at last exhaling it self like a Vapour, it

† *Vina calidi innati pabula.*
* *Ætas meo frigore contenta est.*

" moves upwards, till it comes to the Throat, " and there it makes its last little Stay ||.

Athenæus, after *Theophrastes*, says, That Wine drives away those irksome Inquietudes to which old People are unhappily subject *. And to conclude, the divine *Plato* assures us, that " Wine is a Medicine as well for the " Body as the Mind, the Driness of old " People having great Occasion for this " kind of Moistening, and their severe " Genius of the brisk Gaity inspired by " Wine, without which they would not be " able to perform their Part in the Con- " cert, and consequently would be no longer " useful Members in the Commonwealth, " which is no other ways supported and pre- " served than by Harmony.

|| *Essays, lib. 2. cap. 2.*
* *Lib. 11. cap. 7.*

CHAP. V.

That Wine creates Wit.

AS Wine increaſes the Quantity of animal Spirits, by the Fumes which it ſends to the Brain, it is eaſy to comprehend, that it cannot but be of great Advantage to dull and heavy Wits; ſo that one may particularly apply to them the common Proverb, *Wine ſets an Edge to Wit* *. And the Emblem of *Adr. Junius*, in which he repreſents *Bacchus* as a Youth with Wings on, and with this Inſcription, *Wine kindles Wit* †, agrees admirably well with theſe People: But the Application of both Proverb and Emblem is no leſs juſt in Relation to all the World; for it is moſt certain, that the God *Bacchus*, by warming the Thoughts, renders them more acute, and inſpires a greater plenty of witty Sallies. For "*Bac-*"*chus* had not the Name of *Lyſian*, or *Open-*"*er*, if I may uſe the Term, beſtowed up-

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* *Vinum acuit Ingenium.*

† *Vinum ingenii fomes.*

" on him for nothing but purely becauſe " he opens the Mind, by putting it into " an agreeable Humour, and renders it " more ſubtile and judicious "*. For this Reaſon it is grown into a Proverb, That Water-drinkers are not near ſo knowing as thoſe who drink Wine †.

Plutarch aſſures us, That Wine collects and increaſes the Powers of the Mind. He obſerves alſo, That it produces excellent Effects on the Minds of Perſons, who, though naturally timid, want no Penetration. *Plato* maintains, as I have obſerved in the foregoing Chapter, That Wine warms as well the Mind as the Body. Monſieur *Hofman* ſays a great deal more, *viz.* That Experience proves, that thoſe Climates which produce good Wine, produce alſo People that " have infinitely more Wit than thoſe of " the North, who drink nothing but Beer. " *Gryllus* believes, That the *Greeks* were called Fathers of Wiſdom, on account of the " Excellency of their Wine; and, that they " loſt their antient Luſtre by reaſon of the " *Turks* rooting out their Vines. The Heathens placed *Pallas* and *Bacchus* in the ſame " Temple, to ſhew, That Wine increaſed " their Wiſdom, and that the Gods were re-

* *Hiſt. def. 7. ſag.* p. 123.

† *Non idem ſapere poſſunt qui aquam & qui vinum bibunt.*

" pre-

" presented wiser than Men, only because " they drank Nectar and Ambrosia.

In respect of Poets the World was always so sensible of the Necessity they lay under, of having their Imagination rouzed by Wine, that no Body ever had any good Opinion of the Productions of a Poet that drank Water, that *Non est Dythyrambus si aquam bibat*; and Wine was called the Poets great Horse. " There never were any excellent Poets, " says Mr. *Bayle*, that could versify, till af- " ter drinking pretty plentifully *.

And if we believe *Plato*, " He could ne- " ver open the Gates of Poesy till he was a " little beyond himself. The Soul can " speak nothing grand, or above the com- " mon, if it be not somewhat agitated †.

Horace ‖, who knew by Experience this Truth, goes yet farther.

Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possint,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.

Poor Water-drinkers sing an irksome Tune,"
Short liv'd their Numbers, and their Airs *jejune.*

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* *Resp. aux Quest. d'un Prov.* T. 1. ch. 12.

† *Sive* Platoni *credimus, frustra Poetices fores compos sui pepulit. Non potest grande aliquid & supra cæteros loqui nisi mota mens.*

‖ 1 *Ep.* 19. 3.

David

Ovid bewailed himself very bitterly for want of Wine in his Exile.

" *Impetus ille sacer, qui vatum pectora nutrit*
" *Qui prius in nobis esse solebat, abest.*

That sacred Rage that feeds a Poet's Breast,
Common to me, is now no more possess'd.

La *Motte**, my beloved *French* Man, has something not unlike it.

" *Loin une Raison trop timide*
" *Les froids Poetes qu'elle guide*
" *Languissent & tombent souvent.*
" *Venez yvresse temerarie,*
" *Transports ignorez du vulgarie*
" *Tels que vous m'agitiez vivant.*

Away too fearful Reason, haste, be gone,
Those frozen Poets, whom thy Phantoms guide,
Languish, and often feebly slide,
Down to the lowest Ebb of wretchless Song,
Insipid Notes, and lifeless Numbers sing.
O come, sweet Drunkenness, thou heady Thing,
With Transports to the vulgar Herd unknown,
Which agitates my Soul, and gives it Wing.

* *La* Motte, *Ode Pind.* 1.

With

With kind Enthusiasms then ecstatic grown,
It takes unusual Flights, sublimely soars
Spurns the dull Globe below, and endless
Worlds explores.

One may very well apply to *Bacchus*, what the same Gentleman says of the Graces in this Ode *.

" *Tout fleurit par vous au* Parnasse,
" Apollon *languit, & nous glace,*
" *Sitot que vous l'avez quitté,*
" *Mieux que les traits les plus sublimes*
" *Vous allez verser sur mes Rimes*
" *Le Don de l' Immortalité.*

The sprightly Influence you shed,
Bright Constellation! makes *Parnassus* gay.
Apollo droops and hangs his Head,
His frozen Fingers know not how to play;
And we his Sons the sad Distemper find,
Which chills the Fancy, and benumbs the Mind
When cruel you withdraw your magick Ray.
You finely paint on ev'ry Rhyme
Features most noble and sublime.
Resplendent all the Images,
In rich immortal Draperies.
You give me Colours that can never die,
But baffle Time, and live through all Eternity.

* *Ode* 2. Pindar.

It is to Wine we owe the Productions of *Eschylus* and *Anacreon*, whose Muses were very chilly, till *Bacchus* warmed them. *Aurelius*, the Sophist, composed his best Declamations in his Cups. *Herodes*, called *Saginatus Orator*, the fatten'd Orator, never talked better, than after drinking pretty plentifully. And according to *Horace*, this was the Case with *Ennius*.

" Ennius *ipse pater nunquam nisi potus ad Arma*
" *Prosiluit dicenda* ——— *.

Ennius himself ne'er sung of Arms,
Martial Exploits, and Wars Alarms,
Till the good Father's Face did shine,
Enrich'd with ruby Beams of Wine.

Alcæus, the famous Poet, never sat down to compose Tragedy till he was tipsey. The Disciples of the great *Paracelsus* took the Opportunity, when he was fuddled, to make him dictate. The venerable Messire *Francis Rabelais*, composed over the Bottle the Acts and Gests of *Gargantua*, and his Son *Pantagruel*, a Work which gained him such great Reputation. " *Pontius de Thiard*, Bi-
" shop of *Chalons sur Saone*, had greater
" Obligations to *Bacchus* than *Apollo* for his

* 1 *Ep.* 19. 7.

" good

" good Verses; who, not reckoning what
" Wine he drank all Day long, never slept
" without drinking a pretty large Bottle *,
So true is it, that

" *A la Fontaine ou s'enyre* Boileau
" *Le grand* Corneille *& le sacré troupeau*
" *De ces Auteurs que l'on ne trouve guere*
" *Un bon Rimeur doit boire a pleine éguyere,*
" *S'il veut donner un bon tour au rondeau* ||.

At that rich Fountain where the great *Boileau*,
Corneille, *Racine*, to whom so much we owe.
Th' immortal *Dryden*, and the sacred Band
Of those bright Authors, whom we cannot find,
Whose Names (so does Oblivion's Power command)
Alas, we no where know,
Supp'd largely to inebriate their Mind.
Here a good Versifier, fond of Rhime,
Should swill, to make his jingling Couplets chime.

From hence, good natur'd B—— D, arose your Flame,
Hence your inimitable Numbers came,
When you so prais'd his House and *Buckingham*.

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* *Menagiana*, T. 1. p. 384.
|| —— —— —— p. 189.

And certainly *Cicero* was much in the wrong, when he ſaid, that " what People " do when they are drunk, is not done with " the ſame Approbation as if they were ſo- " ber; they heſitate, and oftentimes recall " themſelves, and frame a weaker Judg- " ment of what they ſee "*. But had he conſulted Experience, he would have found that Drunkenneſs, far from making People fearful, inſpires them with Boldneſs and Temerity.

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* *Ne vinolenti quidem quæ faciunt quæ ſobrii, heſitant, revocant ſe interdum; uſque quæ videntur, imbecillius aſſentiuntur,* Acad. Queſt. lib. 4.

CHAP. VI.

That Wine makes one Eloquent.

WHAT Wretch ſo dull, but eloquent muſt grow,
When the full Goblets with perſwaſive Wine
Irebriate with bright Eloquence divine?

Facundi calices quem non fecere diſertum?

Let us make a few Commentaries on this Verſe of *Horace*.

We read, that "the Sages of *Portugal* "having undertaken to convert thoſe of "*Melinda*, gained as much upon them by "Wine as by Reaſon, which, in the End, "facilitated the Conqueſt of the whole "Country*.

To draw a Conſequence from this, we ſay, That one muſt reaſonably believe, that Wine gave thoſe Sages an Eloquence neceſſary to convert the People of *Melinda*, and them a neceſſary Penetration to diſcover the

* *Rem. ſur Rabel*, T. 1. lib. 1. cap. 5.

Truth through the thick Veils of their Ignorance.

Books of Travels farther inform us, that "the Priests of the Kingdom of *Tibet*, whom "they call *Lamas*, drink a good quantity of "Wine on their Days of Fasting and Devotion, that they may have, to use their "own Words, the Tongue prompt, and "ready to say their Orisons †.

According to this Doctrine *Palingenius* was much in the wrong to say, That Wine makes Church Men uncapable to perform the Duties of their Function.

Nec bene tractabit vinosus sacra sacerdos *.

No Priest, who tipples Wine that's good,
Will do his Duty as he shou'd.

Surely our Author never conversed much with the Religious. The Friers would have told him, they never perform their Office without taking a Choire Cup. *Experto crede Roberto*, as the Saying is. There's no false *Latin* in this, says a good Monk to me once upon a Time, drawing from under his Cassock a double Flask. You are much in the right on't Brother *Peter*, said I, I believe as the

† *Divers. cur.*
* *Lib.* 3. p. m. 43.

Church

Church believes, and so — my Service to you and here's to the pious Memory of St. *Boniface*. And, indeed, the Vehicle proved capaciously Orthodox.

In relation to what hath been said I shall add a Remark of the famous M. *Bayle*. "It cannot be denied, says he, that the "Christians of *Europe* are subject to two "great Vices, Drunkenness and Lewdness. "The first of these reigns in cold Countries, "the other in hot. *Bacchus* and *Venus* "share these two Climates between them. "We find that the Reformation having "divided this Portion of Christianity, that "Part which was subject to *Venus* continues "as it was, but the greatest Part of what "was subject to *Bacchus* has renounced Po-"pery*.

But you will say, what Coherence has this Remark with the Matter in question? Have a little Patience and you shall presently see the Application. I say then, that a thorough true blue hearty Protestant would conclude from this Quotation, that Wine bestowed so much Eloquence and Penetration to these Northern People, as to put them into that happy State, to discover the Truth, and conquer all Prejudices against it whatsoever. But of this enough.

Pon, pon; pata pon: tara rara, pon pon†.

* *Bayle Dict.* T. 2. p. 1163. † *Racine.*

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

That Wine acquires Friends, and reconciles Enemies.

FRiendſhip is a Good ſo precious and valuable, and at the ſame Time ſo very rare, that one cannot take too much care in order to procure it. The moſt efficacious Means to do this is Feaſting. It is by eating and drinking together that Converſation becomes more eaſy and familiar; and, to uſe the Words of Monſieur *de la Mothe le vayer*, "We hold, that Table 'Communion unites Peoples very Souls, 'and cauſes the ſtricteſt Friendſhips." *Inde Philotetius Crater* *. And, in reality, can any Thing be more agreeable and engaging, than to take a friendly Bottle in pleaſant and delightful Company?

And therefore *Cleomedes* had great Reaſon to ſay, "Take away the Pleaſures of the 'Table, where we open our ſelves ſo agreeably to each other, and you rob us of the 'ſweeteſt Cordial of Human Life *." This

* *Dial. 2. d'Or, Tuber.* p. m. 118.
* *Hiſt. 7 Sap.*

was

was also the Sentiment of *Cicero*, in his Book of old Age; of *Aristotle*, in his Ethics; and *Plutarch*, in his Questions. Let who will then, look on Trencher Friends to be false and say with those of whom *Ovid* makes mention,

Dum fueris felix multos numerabis amicos,
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.

In happy Times, while Riches round you flow
A thousand Friends their Obligations own,
But when loud adverse Winds begin to blow
And darksome Clouds appear, you're left alone.

Daily Experience teaches us, That one of the best Means to push ones Fortune, is often to regale with those who are in Credit for, to One that may have ruined himself by so doing, Ten have made their Fortunes. We may therefore say of Entertainments that,

Hæc res & jungit, & junctos servat amicos.

These unite Friends and strictly keep them so.

But what is more, Wine does the Office of a Mediator between Enemies. Of which Truth I shall instance two illustrious Examples, *M. Crassus* reconciled himself to *Cicero* at

t a Feaſt; *Aſdrubal* and *Scipio* did the ſame n the like Occaſion. And one may ſee, in Deſcription which a very learned Perſon has given of *Switzerland*, That when the nhabitants of that Country quarrel with ne another, and come to Blows, they are mmediately reconciled, by returning to heir Cups, and no Harm enſues, but ſitting p all Night and amicably getting Drunk ogether. The *Latin* has more force in it, vhich I ſhall therefore here tranſcribe. *Quin & ſi quando vehementius in ſe inſurgunt, depoſitis in medium Armis, pugnis rem manibuſque decernunt, ſed eodem momento conveniunt, iiſdemque epulis, iiſdemque poculis à quibus ſurrexere nciliantibus, & nullo alio ex contentionibus damno, niſi quod innovata pocula in noctem ducantur.* *Tacitus* had ſaid the ſame Thing long before of the *Germans*.

But to come nearer. The Biſhop of *Bitonto*, ne of the Fathers of the Council of *Trent*, nd a famous Preacher, frequently in his ermons exhorting the *Germans* to Unity, nd to return to the Church, made uſe of his Topic, of friendly drinking, conjuring hem thereto, as undoubtedly, by the ſtrongſt, and moſt efficacious Argument he could hake uſe of, by remembering how merry nd ſociable heretofore they had been in heir Cups.

* *Dan. Eremit. Deſcript.* p. 416.

CHAP. VIII.

That the Custom of getting Drunk is most Antient.

AFTER having displayed the good Qualities of Wine and Drunkenness, I come now to shew, that it is generally received by all the World. To do this effectually I shall enter into some particular Detail, and after having remarked, *en passant*, how the Custom of Fuddling is very antient, I shall then shew, that the Primitive Christians used to get Drunk; I shall speak something of the Tippling of Church Men in general, afterwards I shall take a cursory Review of Popes, Saints and Bishops, then I shall come to Kings and Emperors, and give a small Catalogue of these illustrious Topers; I shall not forget the Philosophers, and much less the Poets, who loved Drinking. Free Masons, and other learned Men, who after having wearied themselves with important Studies have taken this Diversion, shall also appear upon the Stage. After this I shall enumerate the several Nations that have been, and those which

hich yet are subject to get fuddled; whether ey make use of Wine for that purpose, or ch Liquors as produce the same Effect with Vine. And from this Enumeration I shall aw some Consequences in favour of Drunnness.

But before I enter into this Detail, I hope shall be permitted a general Remark, hich is, That my Readers must not expect hould set down a complete List of all the veral Sorts of Topers I just now mentioned: ch an Exactitude would take up too much me. Much sooner may one reckon up aat Numbers die every Spring by the Doc-r; and how many dispose of their Maidenads before Marriage.

n every different Class you will find no other ly Drinkers, but such as I have met with in y great Reading, and as shall occur to my Reembrance. Neither shall I be very scrupuus in placing them according to the strict ules of Chronology, but put them down they present themselves to my Imagition.

If the Antiquity of a Custom makes it alys good and laudable, certainly Drunnness can never deserve sufficient Recomendation. Every one knows, that *Noah* got unk after he had planted the Vine. There e some who pretend to excuse him, that was not acquainted with the Strength of ine. But to this it may very well be answered,

That it is not very probable so wise
Man as *Noah* should plant a Vine withou
knowing its Nature and Property. Besides
it is one Thing to know, whether he go
drunk at all; and another, whether he ha
an Intention to do so.

But if we give any Credit to several learn
ed Persons, *Noah* was not the first Ma
that got fuddled. Father *Fraſſen* maintain
"That People fed on Flesh before the Flood
"and drank Wine. There is no likelihood
"according to him, that Men contente
"themselves with drinking Water for fi
"teen or sixteen Hundred Years togethe
"It is much more credible, That they pre
"pared a Drink more nourishing and pala
"table. These first Men of the Worl
"were indued with no less Share of W
"than their Posterity, and, consequentl
"wanted no Industry to invent every Thin
"that might contribute to make them pa
"their Lives agreeably. Jesus Christ say
"That in the Days of *Noah*, before the Floo
"Men married, and gave their Children i
"Marriage. These People, Father *Fra*
"*ſen* observes, regaled each other, an
"made solemn Entertainments. Now wh
"can imagine, that they drank at those F
"stivals nothing but Water, and fed on
"on Fruits and Herbs! *Noah*, therefor
"was not the Inventor of that Use whi
"we make of the Grape; the most that
"di

did, was only to plant new Vines *.

This good Father was not singular in his Opinion, another very learned Person also believed, that from the Passage of Scripture above cited, one might draw a very probable Argument, That Men before the Flood drank Wine, and that too even to be drunk †.

As for *Procopius* of *Gaza* ||, one of the most antient Interpreters of Scripture, he thinks it no less true, That the Vine was known in the World before *Noah*'s Time, but he does not allow, that the Use of Wine was known before that Patriarch, whom he believes to be the Inventor of it.

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* *Disq. Biblic. Journ. des Sçavans.*
† *Jo. Chr. Beeman. Annal. Hist.*
|| *Torner de Ebriet,* Lib. 1. c. 3.

CHAP. IX.

That the Primitive Christians got Drunk

THERE is no one that has ever so little dipped into Ecclesiastical History, but knows very well that in the Primitive Church it was a Custom to appoint solemn Feasts on the Festivals of Martyrs. This appears by the Harangue of *Constantine*, and from the Works of St. *Gregory Nazianzen* and St. *Chrysostom*. People generally got drunk at these Feasts; and this Excess was looked upon as a Thing that might be permitted. This evidently appears by the pathetic Complaints of St. *Augustin* and St *Cyprian*: The former of these Holy Fathers expresses himself after this manner. ——. "Drunken Debauches pass as permitted amongst us, so that People turn them into solemn Feasts, to honour the Memory of the Martyrs; and that, not only on those Days which are particularly consecrated to them (which would be a deplorable Abuse to those, who look at these Things with other Eyes than those of

of the Fleſh), but on every Day of the Year *.

St. *Cyprian*, in a Treatiſe attributed to him, ſays much the ſame Thing. " Drunkenneſs, ſays he, is ſo common with us in *Africa*, that it ſcarce paſſes for a Crime. And do we not ſee Chriſtians forcing one another to get Drunk, to celebrate the Memory of the Martyrs †!

But it was not only at theſe Repaſts that the Chriſtians got Drunk, they did the ſame on ſeveral other Occaſions; and 'twas on this Account that St. *Auguſtin* wrote to his dear *Alipius* in theſe Terms. " However the Corruption of Manners, and the Unhappineſs of the Times, have induced us to wiſh, I do not ſay that People ſhould not get drunk in particular Houſes, but that they ſhould not get drunk any where elſe ‖.

Cardinal *du Perron* tells us, " That the *Manichæans* ſaid, that the Catholicks were People much given to Wine, but that They never drank any §.

Againſt this Charge St. *Auguſtin* no otherwiſe defends them, than by Recrimination. He anſwers, " That it was true,

* *Ep.* 22.
† *Pamel*, p. 416.
‖ *Ep.* 29.
§ *Perron*, p. 64.

" but that They (the *Manichæans*) drank the
" Juice of Apples, which was more delici-
" ous than all the Wines and Liquors in the
" World. And so does *Tertullian*, which
" Liquor pressed from Apples, he says, was
" most strong and vinous." His Words are, *Succum ex pomis vinosissimum**.

Here one may observe also, That the Use of Cyder was very primitive and antient, but as strong and delicious as it was, the Catholicks stuck close to the Juice of the Grape, as what was intirely orthodox and no wise conversant with the Hereticks of those Days.

But to return to these Feasts just now mentioned, it is certain, that it was not only customary for the Christians of *Africa* to get drunk. They had this Custom in common with the Christians of *Italy*, where these Kinds of Repasts were forbidden by the Council of *Laodicea*, which was held in the 4th Century. *Paulinus*, however (and I do not wonder at it, being a Poet) has endeavoured to excuse the Christians, on pretence that they only got drunk out of a good Intention, which, say the Casuists, judges all Human Actions†. His Words are,

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* *Ibid.*

† *Quicquid agunt homines intentio judicat omne.*

" Ja-

— " *Ignoscenda tamen puto talia parvis*
Gaudia quæ ducunt epulis, quia mentibus Error
Irrepit rudibus, nec tantæ conscia culpæ
Simplicitas pietate cadit, male credula sanctos
Perfusis halante mero gaudere sepulchris.

But yet that Mirth in little Feasts enjoy'd,
I think should ready Absolution find;
Slight Peccadillo of an erring Mind,
Artless and rude, of all Disguises void,
Their simple Hearts too easy to believe
(Conscious of nothing ill) that Saints in Tombs
Enshrin'd, shou'd any Happiness perceive
From quaffing Cups, and Wines ascending Fumes,
Must be excus'd, since what they did they meant,
With Piety ill placed, yet good Intent.

CHAP. X.

Of Church Men.

IF one formed a Judgment of the Manner of Church Mens Lives by their Discourses, certainly one would take them for Models of Sobriety. But there is a great deal of Difference between preaching and practising. This Distinction is very solid, and daily Experience confirms it. And if those Gentlemen would do themselves Justice, how many amongst them might say in particular;

Alas! how can I ever dare pretend,
From Man this antient Error to remove,
Which they, ev'n to Distraction, fondly love:
If I, who blame it, with such Pain defend
My self from this contagious Malady,
This epidemic Poison of the Mind.
Weak Reason, feeble Thing, of which Mankind
So boasts, this only we can build on thee,

Un-

Unjust continuing still, and false and vain,
In our Discourses loudly we complain
Against the Passions, Weakness, Vice, and yet
Those Things we still cry down, we still commit.

One cannot, therefore, without Indignation, hear Church Men declaim against Drunkenness, while they themselves are such ruddy Examples of it.

Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione quærentes *.

With Patience who can hear West-Country Cudden
Rail against roasted Beef and good plumb Pudden?

If the Law of Prescription take Place, one cannot dispute with them that of Fuddling with any Colour of Reason, for in St. *Jerom*'s Time, the Priests were very much given to Wine. This we learn from an Epistle of that Father, in which he very severely reprehends them. They have been no Changelings since. We read in the *Adages* of *Erasmus*, that it was a Proverb amongst the *Germans*, That the Lives of the Monks consisted in nothing but eating, drinking, and

* *Juvenal.*

Mona-

——— *Monachorum nunc nihil aliud est quam facere, esse, bibere.* Besides, a vast Number of Councils, who made most severe Canons against Priests that should get drunk, evidently shew, that they used frequently to do so. Such were the Councils of *Carthage*, *Agathon*, the first of *Tours*, that of *Worms*, *Treves*, &c. To make this more clear, we shall copy a little of what *H. Stephens* says on this Subject, in his *Apology for* Herodotus. "But to return, *says he*, to these Proverbs, "*Theologal Wine*, and *the Abbots*, or *Prelates* "*Table*. I say, that without these, one "could never rightly understand this beautiful Passage of *Horace*, viz.

"*Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero*
"*Pulsanda tellus*: *Nunc saliaribus*
"*Ornare pulvinar Deorum*
"*Tempus erit dapibus sodales.*

"Come Boys, lets put the flowing Goblet
"round,
"Drink hard, and with brisk Measures
"beat the Ground.
"The Tables of the Gods now bright shall
"shine
"With Cheer luxurious, fit for Mouths
"of Priests,
"When holy *Epicures* become your Guests,
"And venerably quaff large Cups of
"Wine.

Nor

Nor this other,

" *Absumet hæres cæcubæ dignior*
" *Servata centum clavibus: & mero*
" *Tinget pavimentum superbo*
" *Pontificum potiore cænis.*

" A worthier Heir shall then with Joy unbind
" Cæcubian, by a hundred Locks confin'd,
" And tinge with better Wines the Ground,
" Than e'er at Feasts Pontifical are found.

" You see how necessary these Proverbs
" are, to let us into the true Understanding
" of these two Passages of this Poet. Here
" follows, Word for Word, what a certain
" Gloss says of the last of them, *Mero dicit potiore (meliore) cænis Pontificum, quam quo Pontifices in cænis suis, quæ semper sumtuosissimæ fuerunt, unde nunc theologicum dicunt vinum, usi sunt.* That is, with better
" Wine than that which the chief Priests
" used at their Suppers, which were always
" most sumptuous and expensive, and which
" sort of Wine we call now *Theological.*

" By this you plainly see, how much attached to Divines and Prelates those Gentlemen are, who make Profession of being
" Expositors of the Poets. But in relation
" to this fame *Theologal*, or *Theological*, I
" know very well, that it is a great Question, if it should be called *Vinum Theologa-*

" *le*,

" *le*, or, *Vinum Theologalis per appositionem*;
" for the wicked Laity, some of them will
" have it, That when these good Men get
" Tipsey they agree no otherwise than Dogs
" and Cats. But I shall leave this Dispute
" to be decided by the Readers. And as
" to these two Proverbs, they put me in
" mind of another, and that is, an *Abbot's*
" *Face*, which Proverb being very antient,
" makes me believe, that formerly the Ab-
" bots had their Faces illuminated —— But
" without going any farther for Witnesses,
" I shall content my self with presenting my
" Readers with the following Piece of An-
" tiquity, *viz.*

" *Sanctus Dominicus sit nobis semper amicus,*
" *Cui canimus rostro jugiter preconia nostro*
" *De cordis venis siccatis ante lagenis.*
" *Ergo tuas laudes si tu nos pangere gaudes*
" *Tempore paschali, fac ne potu puteali*
" *Conveniat uti, quod si fit undique muti*
" *Semper erunt Fratres qui non curant nisi ventres.*

" O good Saint *Dominic*, be ay propitious,
" Whose Praise we daily chirp in Notes de-
licious
" From all the Veins of all our Hearts,
" Having tos's'd up some double Quarts.
" Therefore, if 't be thy true Desire
" We chaunt thy Lauds at *Easter* Quire.

" Let

" Let not thy Saintſhip think it meet
" We drink from Well tho' ne'er ſo ſweet,
" Liquor unworthy Prieſt or Parſon,
" If ſo, your Friers will hang an Arſe on,
" Who nothing mind, I need not tell ye,
" Moſt holy Patron, but their Belly.
" So uſed, they'll ev'ry Soul be Dumb,
" No *dixit Dominus*, but —— Mum.

Not unlike this is what follows.

" *O Monachi, veſtri Stomachi ſunt amphora* Bac-
" chi,
" *Vos eſtis, Deus eſt teſtis, teterrima peſtis!*

" O Monks, ye reverend Drones, your
" Guts
" Of Wine are but ſo many Buts;
" You are, God knows (who can abide ye?)
" Of Plagues the rankeſt, *bona fide!*

CHAP. XI.

Of Popes, Saints, and Bishops, that used to get drunk.

AFTER having spoken of the Drunkenness of Church-Men in general, it will not, perhaps, be a Thing altogether needless, to put the whole in the clearest Light, to confirm what has been said, by the Example of Popes, Saints, and Bishops, who have practised that laudable Custom of getting Drunk.

A little Song, mentioned by *H. Stephens*, in his Apology for *Herodotus*, affords Matter of Speculation in relation to the Sobriety of Sovereign Pontiffs.

" *Le Pape qui est a* Rome,
" *Boit du Vin comme un autre Homme*
" *Et de l'Hypocras aussi.*

The Pope at *Rome*, his Holiness,
Of Wine drinks many a hearty Glass,
And pleasant Hypocras also,
As any other Man I trow.

If one reads over the Popes Lives, we shall be fully convinced, that these Holy Fathers were no Enemies to Wine. *Alexander* the fifth was a great Drinker, and that too of strong Wines, says his own Historian, *Theoderic de Neim.* If one may give any Credit to the Letters of the King of *Spain*'s Ambassador to his Master, *Sixtus Quintus* was a terrible Drunkard *.

And Pope *Boniface* instituted Indulgences for those who should drink a Cup after Grace (called since St. *Boniface*'s Cup.) A plain Argument, that his Sanctity did not hate Wine.

This puts me in mind of what I have formerly read, tho' the Author's Name is now slipped out of my Memory, that when Cardinal *Pignatelli*, afterwards *Innocent* the 12th, was advanced to the Papacy, his Name signifying little Pots or Mugs, three of which he bore for his Arms; and whose Mother was of the House of *Caraffa*, which signifies a Jug, a *French* Man made these Lines.

" *Nous devons tous boirè en repos*
" *Sous le regne de ce saint pere*
" *Son noms ses armes sont des pots*
" *Une* Caraffe *etoit sa mere.*
" *Celebrons donc avec eclat*
" *Cet auguste Pontificat.*

* *Thuan.* p. 447.

Un-

Under this Holy Father's Reign
Hang Sorrow, let us ne'er complain;
I think all of us ſhould turn Sots,
And fuddle with one another,
His Name, and ſo his Arms, are Pots,
And a Gallon Pot was his Mother;
Then let us brightly celebrate
This moſt auguſt Pontificate.

In the main, this is nothing but a little punning or playing with Words, but it is one of thoſe agreeable Trifles that may now and then be worth our thinking on.

One may add to the Number of ſuch Popes as loved Fuddling, all thoſe who ſat at *Avignon*; for if we believe *Petrarch**, the long Reſidence that the Court of *Rome* made at *Avignon*, was only to taſte the good *French* Wines; and that it was *merely* on that Account they ſtayed ſo long in *Provence*, and removed with ſo much Reluctance.

Let us now paſs on to Saints and Biſhops. I ſhall only inſtance one of each, becauſe I hate Prolixity. The firſt Saint that preſents himſelf to me, is the renowned St. *Auguſtin*, who himſelf owns, that he uſed to get drunk ſometimes. *Crapula autem nonnunquam ſurrepit ſervo tuo miſeraberis ut longe fiat à me.* Thy

* *Perron*, p. 387.

Ser-

Servant has been sometimes Crop-sick thro' Excess of Wine, Have Mercy on me, that it may be ever far from me. * It is true, M. *Cousin* maintains against my Author, M. *Petit*, the *Journal des Sçavans*, of the Year 1689, 27 *June*, that St. *Augustin*, however, never got drunk. The Arguments on both Sides you may find in *Bayle*'s Dictionary, under the Article *Augustin*. But yet there are somewhere in St. *Augustin* these Words, *viz.* My Soul certainly being a Spirit cannot dwell in a dry Place. *Anima mea certè quia Spiritus est, in sicco habitare non potest.*

I shall make no Comment upon these Words, only insert one already made, which I take from M. *Duchat* in his Remarks on *Rabelais*†. On these Words of Saint *Augustin*, says he, mentioned in the second Part of the *Decretals*, *caus.* 32. *q.* 2. *c.* 9. the Commentator says, " And this is an Argument for the " *Normans*, *English*, and *Poles*, that they " may drink largely, that the Soul may not " live in the Dry. *Et est Argumentum pro* " Normannis, Anglicis, & Polonis, *ut possint fortiter bibere, ne anima habitet in sicco.* " To which *Peter Chatelain*, a *Flemish* Physician, made this pleasant Addition, It is " very probable, that the Commentator was

* *Petit Nepanth*, p. 137.
† *Liv*, 1. ch. 5.

" an

" an entire Stranger to the Nature of the " *Flemings*. *Verisimile est glossatorem ignorasse* " *Naturam* Belgarum.

And, perhaps, this Argument from St. *Augustine*'s Words, is as just, as One of a merry Fellow I knew, who would prove, from St. *Paul*'s going to the *Three Taverns**, That he loved a hearty Bottle.

Amongst the Bishops, I cannot instance a more illustrious Example of a great Drinker, than that of *Pontus de Thiard*. We are told†, " That this Gentleman, after having re- " pented of the Sins of his Youth, came to " be Bishop of *Chalons sur Soane*; but, how- " ever, he did not renounce the Power of " drinking heartily, which seemed then in- " separable from the Quality of a good Poet. " He had a Stomach big enough to empty " the largest Cellar; and the best Wines of " *Burgundy* were too gross for the Subtility " of the Fire which devoured him. Every " Night, at going to Bed, besides the ordi- " nary Doses of the Day, in which he would " not suffer the least drop of Water, he " used to drink a Pottle before he slept. " He enjoyed a strong, robust, and vigorous " Health, to the Age of Fourscore.

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* *Acts* cap. 28. v. 15.

† *Rep. des Lett. Febr.* 1687. *Art.* 7.

CHAP. XII.

A Catalogue of some illustrious Topers.

SINCE according to *Horace*'s Observation, every one conforms himself to the Example of the Prince.

" *Regis ad exemplum totus componitur Orbis.*

And that, according to *Seneca*'s Maxim, one must regulate ones Conduct by illustrious Models.

" *Vita est instituenda illustribus exemplis.*

It must not be wondered at, that People so generally get drunk, since in this they follow the Examples of great Kings, amongst whom are very few that this Verse of *Ovid*, which *Guy. Patin* applied to *Naudæus* and *Gassendi*, agrees with *.

" *Vina fugit gaudetque meris abstemius undis.*

* *Esprit de Pat.* p. 22.

Flies

Flies Wine abstemious, but the limpid Stream
Pure and unmixed his thirsty Heat subdues.

And, perhaps, this is the Reason, why in Comedies they bestow Crowns to those that are drunk.

——— *Quid ego video*
P. S. Cum coronâ ebrium Pseudolum meum *.

And in *Amphytrion*, *Mercury* says,

Ho inter & capiam ornatum qui potius decet.

" I'll go in and take the Ornament which " better becomes me." For he had said a little before,

Capiam coronam in caput, assimulabo me esse ebrium.

I'll put a Crown upon my Head and feign my self drunk.

Lipsius † furnished me with these Examples. But I should never have done, if I endeavoured to give a List of all the Kings that got drunk.

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* *Plautus.*
† *Ant. Lect. Lib.* 3.

" *Quo-*

——— " *Quorum si nomina quæras*
" *Promptius expediam quot amaverat* Hippia
" *mœchos,*
" *Quot Themiscn agros autumno occiderat uno* *.

——— Whose Names, if you require,
With greater Expedition could I tell,
To *Hippia*'s Lust, how many prostrate fell;
How many only in one Autumn died,
By Doctors, and their Slip-slops ill applied.

I shall content my self, therefore, to instance some of the most illustrious, as they come into my Mind, without observing any certain Order.

Alexander the Great first offers himself to my Imagination. It will be sufficient to mention his Name, without saying any more. *Nomen non amplius addam.*

Cæsar, to make use of *Balzac*'s Words, was not always the sober Destroyer of the Commonwealth, and he did not at all Times hate the Pleasure of drinking.

Cambyses was also very much given to Wine, as may be judged by what I am going to say. This Prince having been told by one of his Courtiers, That the People took notice he got drunk too often, taking some

* *Juvenal, Satire* 10. v. 220.

Time

Time after his Bow and Arrow, shot the Son of that Courtier through the Heart, saying no more than this to the Father. *Is this the Act of a Drunkard?*

Darius, the first King of *Persia*, had these Words put upon his Tomb.

Vinum multum bibere potui idque perferre.

I could drink much Wine and bear it well.

King *Antigonus* may come in here. *Ælian* reports of this Prince, That one Day when he was much in drink meeting *Zeno* the Philosopher, whom he had a great Kindness for, he kissed him, and promised to give him whatever he would desire, *Zeno* only answered very mildly, *Go and ease your Stomach by vomiting, that's all I ask of you at present.*

Philip, King of *Macedon*, got drunk sometimes; witness what a Woman, whom he had not done Justice to, said to him, *viz. I appeal from* Philip *drunk, to* Philip *when sober.*

* *Dionysius* the younger, Tyrant of *Sicily*, was sometimes drunk for nine Days successively; he drank himself almost blind, and the Lords of his Court, to flatter him, pretended they themselves could scarce see, so that they neither eat nor drank but what he reached to them.

* *Ælian*, Chap. 6.

Tibe-

Tiberius was called *Biberius*, because of his excessive Attach to drinking; and, in derision, they changed his Surname of *Nero* into *Mero*.

Bonosus was a terrible Drinker, if one may give any Credit to his own Historian, *Flavius Vopiscus*. He used to make Ambassadors, that came to him from Foreign Powers, drunk, in order, by that Means, to discover their secret Instructions.

* *Maximin* the Father, drank very often a Pot containing two Gallons. One might very well, therefore, have given him this Epitaph.

Hic jacet amphora vini.

Trajan and *Nerva*, those excellent Princes, took sometimes a Pleasure in getting drunk.

Galerius Maximinus, who, according to *Aurelius Victor*, was a Prince of sweet Temper, and loved Men of Probity and Letters, had a very great Passion for Wine, and frequently got drunk. Having once given Orders when he was in this Condition, which he repented of when sober, he solemnly forbad any one to obey such Orders that he should give when he should get drunk for the future.

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* *J. Capitolin.*

CHAP. XIII.

Of Philosophers that used to get Drunk.

THO' the Example and Authority of Philosophers prove nothing, yet one must not imagine with *Boileau*,

" ——— *Que sans* Aristote,
" *La Raison ne voit goute, & le bon sens redote.*

That Reason, void of *Aristotle's* Rule,
Insipid grows, good Sense a doating Fool.

It is, however, very true, that we shall find our selves wonderfully disposed to get fuddled, when we consider that those of Antiquity, for whom we have most Respect and Veneration, have made no manner of difficulty to get drunk sometimes, and have praised Drunkenness, not only by their Actions but Discourse. This I am going plainly to make appear. I begin with the Seven *Sages of Greece*, who were acknowledged as such by all Antiquity. These Philosophers did not look upon Drunkenness as a Thing incompatible with Virtue, of which they made

made strict Profession. History tells us, that they drank largely at the Entertainment *Periander* the Tyrant, or King of *Corinth*, gave them.

Solon, that famous, yet so rigid, Legislator of the *Athenians*, composed a Song in the Praise of Wine, in which he introduced *Venus* and the *Muses*. *Seneca* is of Opinion, that he was suspected to be as much given to Wine as *Arcesilaus*. * And M. *Chevreau* observes very well, that "the Wisdom of *Solon* was not of such an Austerity as to frighten People, when he said, *That the Ladies, Wine, and the Muses, were the Pleasures of Human Life.*

Zeno, whose Philosophy was so severe, got, notwithstanding, drunk sometimes. Being, one Day, at an Entertainment, he was asked how he came to be so joyful, he answered, that he was like ———, which were bitter naturally, but grew sweet after they were moistened.

Socrates, whom the Oracle declared the wisest Man of *Greece*, was, in like manner, a very great Drinker. M. *Charpentier*, in his Life, tells us, That tho' he did not love to drink, yet when he was forced to it no one could come up to him; and, that he had this

* Solonem & Arcesilaum *credunt indulsisse vino.*

wonderful Happiness, as not afterwards to find himself incommoded by it.

Cato, that Hero of Stoicism, got drunk sometimes, in order to relax his Mind, fatigued with the Cares of publick Employment. These are the very Words of *Seneca*, Cato *vino laxabat animum curis publicis fatigatum.* And the same Author says elsewhere, that "People reproached *Cato* with "Drunkenness, but that Reproach was rather an Honour to him than otherwise." *Catoni ebrietas objecta est, & facilius efficiet quisquis objecerit honestum quam turpem* Catonem. *Horace* gives us the same Idea of the great *Cato*, in these Words.

"*Narratur & prisci* Catonis
"*Sæpe mero caluisse virtus.*

Tradition tells, that oftentimes with Wine,
Ev'n *Cato*'s Virtue moisten'd, shone Divine.

If one knew the *Scythian* Philosopher *Anacharsis*, no otherwise than by his Apothegms against Wine and Drunkenness, one would take him for the sobereſt Man in the World, but we know very well that his Theory varied very much upon this Point, and no way agreed with his Practice. One Day above the rest, having got drunk at an Entertainment given by *Lybis*, Brother to *Pittacus*, he demanded the Prize that was to be given to

the

the greatest Drinker. With which Action, when he was afterwards reproached, he reply'd, "Can a Man better signalize himself "in Battle than by glorious Wounds? And "at Table, than with that Gaiety you call "Drunkenness? Did not *Homer*, the wisest "of your Poets, make not only *Agamemnon* "drunk, but *Jupiter* too, and made Nectar "flow in full Goblets at the Table of the "Gods*?" *Ælian*† also tells us, that this Philosopher drank largely at *Periander*'s Feasts, and alledged for an Excuse, That to drink a great deal was essential to the *Scythians*.

Plato, another Hero of Antiquity, not only permitted, but commanded, that People should get drunk at some certain Times. To prove what I say, one has no more to do than to read his Laws.

Seneca, who was so severe a Philosopher, at least his rigid Precepts would make one think him so, thought it no harm now and then to get drunk, and ranges Drunkenness amongst the Means he prescribes to maintain the Strength and Vigor of the Mind. I have quoted what he says in this Respect in the first and second Chapter of this Work.

* *Hist. Sep. Sap.*
† *Lib.* 2. *cap.* X.

The Philosopher *Arcesilaus*, who lived about the 120th Olympiad, might be reckoned amongst those who loved Wine, since he died by drinking too much of it unmixed. A greater, and more convincing Proof of his sincere Love to the Creature could not be given.

For he that hangs, or beats out's Brains,
The Devil's in him if he feigns ||.

* *Xenocrates*, one of the most illustrious Philosophers of antient *Greece*, and of a Virtue very rigid and severe, got drunk sometimes. *Ælian* has put his Name into the Catalogue of those who loved drinking, and could bear a great deal of Liquor. *Athenæus*, says this Philosopher, gained the Crown of Gold which the Tyrant of *Syracuse* had promised him that should empty a certain Measure of Wine. *Diogenes Laertius* confirms this last Particular. "He had "moreover acquired such an Empire over "his Passions, that a very beautiful Courte"san (*Phryne*) who had laid a Wager she "could subdue his Virtue, lost it, tho' she "had the Liberty to lie with him, and use "all her little Toyings to incite him to en"joy her." *You see here* (adds Mr. *Bayle*

|| *Hudibras.* * *Bayle Dict. Art.* Xenoc.

a Triumph as remarkable as that of S. Aldhelme, *and some other canonised Saints, who came off victorious on such Attacks.*

* *Cicero* assures us, That *Stilpo* of *Megera*, the Philosopher, a Man of much Wit and Ability for the Times he lived in, loved Wine as well as Women; and, that his Friends wrote this of him in his Praise and not Dishonour.

Athenæus says, That the Philosophers *Lacides* and *Timon*, once upon a Time, past two whole Days successively in drinking. *Ælian* puts their Names into his Catalogue of hard Drinkers; to which he adds *Amasis*, the Lawgiver of the *Egyptians*.

Chrysippus the Philosopher, Native of *Solos*, a Town of *Cilicia*, or of *Tharsus*, according to others, got drunk pretty often. It is said, That some of his Disciples having prevailed upon him to come to a Sacrifice, he drank so much pure Wine, that he died five Days afterwards. There are other Authors, however, will have it, that he died of immoderate Laughter, seeing an Ass eat Figs out of a Dish, and upon which he commanded they should give him Drink.

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* *Lib. de Fab.*

CHAP. XIV.

Of Poets that used to get Drunk.

AS Wine is the Poet's great Horse, so it must not be wondered at, that the major Part of them fuddle their Noses; for, in reality, they cannot properly be said to be mounted on their great Horses, till they have drunk pretty heartily. These Gentlemen speak then on Horseback, for the Discourse of Poets is quite opposite to that of Orators, which *Horace* says, is a Discourse on Foot *, but when they drink nothing we can only say, that they are mounted upon.

The Attach that *Homer* had to Wine, appears in the frequent Elogiums he gives that Liquor. And if we examine *Anacreon* never so little, we shall find his Inclinations, as well as his Verses, were divided between Wine and Love. As much Delicacy and fine Turns as one finds in his Works, an honest Man cannot see without Indignation, but that they tend absolutely to *debauch*. *One*

* *Sermo pedestris.*

must

must drink, one must love. The Moments that are not employed in the Pleasures of the Senses are lost. Pausanias tells us, That he saw at *Athens* the Statue of *Anacreon*, which represented him drunk and singing.

The Poet *Philoxenus* wished he had a Neck as long as a Crane, that he might the longer have the Pleasure of swallowing Wine, and enjoy its delicious Taste.

Ion, the Poet of *Chios*, was not much more sober in respect of Wine, according to *Ælian* and *Euripides*.

Horace must by no means be forgotten, whose Satires derive from the Grape their Sprightfulness and Gaity.

Timocreon of *Rhodes*, a comic Poet in the 75th Olympiad, was a great Drinker. *Athenæus* has given of him this Epitaph.

Multa bibens & multa vorans, mala plurima dicens
Multis hic jaceo Timocreon Rhodius.

To these we may add *Alceus* and *Ennius*, of whom we have already made mention; but what signifies this Enumeration, since it is most certain, that almost all the Poets in the World, of all Ages, got drunk, which puts them under the Protection of *Bacchus*. This made them heretofore in *Rome*, celebrate once a Year, in the Month of *March*, a Festival in Honour to this God with so-

lemn Sacrifices. What *Ovid* * has said on this Point puts the Matter out of all doubt.

" *Illa dies hæc est, quæ te celebrare poetæ*
" *Si modo non fallunt tempora, Bacche, solent,*
" *Festaque odoratis innectunt tempora sertis*
" *Et dicunt laudes ad tua vina tuas.*
" *Inter quos memini, dum me mea fata sinebant,*
" *Non invisa tibi pars ego sepæ fui.*

This is the Day, unless the Times are chang'd,
That Poets us'd to sing in merry Lays,
And with sweet Garlands crown'd, promiscuous rang'd,
To thy rich Wines, great *Bacchus*, chaunt thy Praise.
With these gay Chorists, when my Fates were kind,
Free, unreserv'd, to thee, immortal Power
(The pleasing Object fresh salutes my Mind)
Without Disguise a Part I often bore.

* *Trist.* 5. 3.

CHAP. XV.

Of Free Masons, and other learned Men, that used to get Drunk.

IF what Brother *Eugenius Philalethes*, Author of *Long Livers*, a Book lately printed, and dedicated to the *Free Masons*, says in his Preface * to that Treatise, be true, those Mystical Gentlemen very well deserve a Place amongst the Learned. But without entering into their peculiar Jargon, or whether a Man can be sacrilegiously perjured for revealing Secrets when he has none, I do assure my Readers, they are very great Friends to the Vintners. An Eye-witness of this was I my self, at their late general Meeting at *Stationer's* Hall, who having learn'd some of their Catechism, pass'd my

* *Vide Preface*, p. 17. l. 6. where are these Words, viz. *Thus shall Princes love and cherish you as their most faithful Children and Servants, and take delight to commune with you, in as much as amongst you are found Men excellent in all kinds of Sciences, and who, thereby, may make their Names, who love and cherish you, immortal.*

Examination, paid my Five Shillings, and took my Place accordingly.

We had a good Dinner, and to their eternal Honour, the Brotherhood laid about them very valiantly. *They saw then their high Dignity; they saw what they were, acted accordingly, and shewed themselves (what they were)* MEN*. The *Westphalia* Hams and Chickens, with good Plumb Pudden, not forgetting the delicious Salmon, were plentifully sacrificed, with copious Libations of Wine for the Consolation of the Brotherhood. But whether, after a very disedifying Manner their demolishing huge Walls of Venison Pasty, be building up a spiritual House, I leave to Brother *Eugenius Philalethes* to determine. However, to do them Justice, I must own, there was no mention made of Politics or Religion, so well do they seem to follow the Advice of that Author†. And when the Music began to play, *Let the King enjoy his own again*, they were immediately reprimanded by a Person of great Gravity and Science.

The Bottle, in the mean while, went merrily about, and the following Healths were begun by a great Man, the King, Prince and Princess, and the Royal Family;

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* *Page 6. l. 9.*

† *Page 16. l. 19.*

the

the Church as by Law established; Prosperity to old *England* under the present Administration; and Love, Liberty, and Science, which were unanimously pledged in full Bumpers, attended with loud Huzzas.

The Faces then of *the most antient and most honourable Fraternity of the* FREE MASONS, brightened with ruddy Fires; their Eyes illuminated, resplendent blazed.

Well fare ye, merry Hearts, thought I, hail ye illustrious Topers, if *Liberty and Freedom*, ye free Mortals, *is your essential Difference, richly distinguishes you from all others, and is, indeed, the very Soul and Spirit of the Brotherhood*, according to Brother *Eugenius Philalethes* *. I know not who may be your *Alma Mater*, but undoubtedly *Bacchus* is your *Liber Pater*.

'Tis Wine, ye Masons, makes you free,
Bacchus *the Father is of Liberty.*

But leaving the *Free Masons*, and their *invaluable* Secrets, for I know not what they are worth, come we now to speak of other Men of Learning, who loved to indulge their Genius with the delicious Juice of the Grape. And here we need not fly to Antiquity, which would swell this Work into a large

* *Page* 5. *l.* 12. *Page* 42. *l.* 13.

Vo-

Volume, later Times will furnish us with many a bright Example. *Non semper confugiamus ad vetera.*

A Man of Learning, after ten or twelve Hours daily Study, cannot do better, than to unbend his Mind in drinking plentifully of the Creature; and may not such a one say to himself these Verses of the *French* Poet.

" *Dois-je mal a propos secher a faire un livre*
" *Et n'avoir pour tout fruit des peines que je prends*
" *Que la haine de sots & les mepris des grands**.

Why should I pass away my Time in vain,
And to compose a Book, dry up my Brain,
When all the Recompence I'm like to find,
For all the Toil and Labour of my Mind,
Is the unthinking silly Ideot's Hate,
And the Contempt and Scorn of all the Great.

I must own I would have the indefatigable Labour of such a one gain an immortal Reputation after his Death; but after all, to weary one's self all one's Life long with those Views, is very chimerical. And certainly, he that makes but little Account of the Honours that might accrue to him af-

* *Oeuv. div. du Sieur* D'Espreaux, *p.* 246.

ter

ter his Death, acted like a Man of Sense. *Si venit post fata gloria non propero* *.

Is it not infinitely better to divert ones self while one lives, than to idle all ones Life away on poring upon Books? Much better will the following Song become the Mouth of a Man of Letters, which I have transcribed out of the *Mercure Galant*, of the Year 1711, *p.* 67.

" *De ceux qui vivent dans l'Historie,*
" *Ma fois je n'envierai le sort.*
" *Nargues du Temple de Memorie*
" *Ou l'on ne vit que lorsque l'on est mort.*
" *J'aime bien mieux vivre pendant ma vie*
" *Pour boire avec* Silvie;
" *Car je sentirai*
" *Les momens que je vivrai*
" *Tant que je boirai.*

Faith, I shan't envy him, who e'er he be,
That Glorious lives in History;
Nor Memories rich Fane amuse my Head,
Where no one lives but when he's dead.
I had much rather, while I Life enjoy,
The precious Moments all employ,
With my lov'd *Silvia*, and delicious Wine,
Both wonderful, and both divine.

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* *Martial.*

For

For that I truly live, and healthy prove,
Is that I drink, and that I love.

This is exactly the same Thing that *Racan* said to *Maynard* in this Ode*.

" *Je sai*, Maynard, *que les merveilles*
" *Qui naissent de tes longues veilles*
" *Vivront autant que l'Univers ;*
" *Mais que te sert il que ta glorie*
" *Eclipse au Temple de Memoire*
" *Quand tu seras mangé des vers ?*
" *Quitte cette inutile peine,*
" *Bûvons plûtôt a longue haleine*
" *De ce doux jus delicieux,*
" *Qui pour l'excellence précéde*
" *Le Bruvage que Ganimede*
" *Verse dans la coupe des Dieux.*

Maynard, I know thy Thoughts expres's'd
in Rhime,
Those Wonders of thy bright immortal
Pen,
Shall live for ever in the Minds of Men,
Till vast Eternity shall swallow Time.
Yet should thy Glories, now so radiant Bright,
In Memory's rare Temple lose their Light;
Suffer Eclipse, when to the Worms a Prey,
Those Reptiles eat thy poor Remains away.

* *Parnass. Franc.* p. 97.

Does

Does this Reflection chagrin thee, my Friend,
Thus to the useless Thought decree an End?
Drink, and drink largely, that delicious Juice,
The Em'rald Vines in purple Gems produce,
Which for its Excellence surpasses far
That Liquor, which to bright celestial Souls,
Jove's Minion *Ganimede*, with steady Care,
Richly dispenses in immortal Bowls.

So much for Poetry, let us come to the Point, and instance some learned Men that have loved this Diversion. And first, enter *Erasmus*, who certainly was no Enemy to Wine, since he chose rather to continue where the Plague was than drink Water. To prove this, I shall instance part of a Letter written to this great Man by *Ammonius* an *Italian*, and a very learned Person. "Immediately after my Arrival in *England* I endeavoured to inform my self where you were, because in your last you told me, the Plague had forced you to quit *Cambridge*. At length I was told for certain, that you had indeed left the Town, but retiring into a Place where there was no Wine, which to you being worse than the Plague, you returned thither, and where you now are. O intrepid Soldier of *Bacchus*, whom so eminent a Danger could not compel to desert his General!" The *Latin* having much more Force, for the sake of those who understand that Language, I shall take

take the Liberty to insert it, as follows. *Simul atque* Anglicum *solum tetigi, ubi locorum esses rogare cepi, siquidem* Cantabrigiensem *pestem fugere te scripsisti. Unus tandem sixtinus mihi dixit te quidem* Cantabrigiam. *Ob pestem reliquisse & concessisse nescio quo, ubi cum vini penuria laborares, & eo carere gravius peste duceres,* Catabrigiam *repetiisse atque ibi nunc esse. O fortem* Bassarei *commilitonem, qui in summo periculo ducem deserere nolueris**.

" *Daniel Heinsius* loved to drink a little. " One Day, when he was not in a Condi- " tion to read his Lectures, having got drunk " the Day before, some Arch-wags fixed these " Words on the School Door, *Daniel Hein- " sius, non leget hodie, propter hesternam carpu- " lam* †.

" *George Sharpe*, a *Scotch* Man, Professor, " and Vice-Chancellor of *Montpelier*, who " died in the Year 1673, on his Birth-Day, " aged Fifty nine Years, was a great Drun- " kard ||.

Barthius may also be reckoned amongst those learned Topers, if what *Coloniez* says be true. " I knew, says he, some learned " Men in *Holland*, who spoke of *Scriverius* as " of a Man extremely Amorous. M. *Vossi- " us*, amongst others, related to me one Day,

* *Bayle Dict.* Art. *Ammon.*
† *Menagian*, T. 1. p. 26.
|| *Patinian*, p. 106.

" That

" That *Barthius* being come from *Germany* to " *Harlaem* to see *Scriverius*, had in his " Company a Lady perfectly beautiful, " whom *Scriverius* had no sooner seen, but " he found means to make *Barthius* drunk, " that he might entertain the Lady with " greater Liberty, which he accomplished. " It was not, however, so well managed, " but *Barthius* coming to himself, had some " reason to suspect what had past, which " grew so much upon him, that he took the " Lady along with him in a Rage, and " drowned her in the *Rhine* *.

Scaliger treats as a Drunkard *John Kuklin*, a Calvinist Minister, Native of *Hesse*, and a very learned Man ||.

" *Nicolas de Bourbon*, of *Bar sur l'Aube*, " was Nephew's Son to the Poet *Nicolas* " *Bourbon*, who lived in the Time of *Francis* " the first; after having been King's Pro- " fessor, then Canon of *Langres*, made him- " self a Father of the Oratory ——. He " was a prodigious dry Soul, and loved " good Wine, which made him often say, " That tho' he was of the *French* Academy, " yet that when he read *French* Verses he " fancied he was drinking Water.

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* *Rec. de partic.* p. 318. Ed. 4.

|| *Scaliger*, p. 409.

The

The great *Buchanan*, so famous for his fine Writings, was a terrible Drinker, if we may give any Credit to Father *Garasse*. What follows is taken out of his *Doctrine Curieuse*, p. 748. " I shall, says he, recount to our " new Atheists, the miserable End of a Man " of their Belief and Humour, as to eating " and drinking. The Libertine having " passed his debauched Youth in *Paris* and " *Bourdeaux*, more diligent in finding out " Tavern Bushes than the Laurel of *Parnas-* " *sus*; and being towards the latter End of " his Life, recalled into *Scotland* to instruct the " young Prince *James* VIth. continuing his " Intemperance, he grew at last so dropsical " by drinking, that by way of Jeer he said " he was in Labour. *Vino intercute*, not *aquâ* " *intercute*. As ill as he was, he would, how- " ever, not abstain from drinking Bumpers, " and them too all of pure Wine, as he used " to do at *Bourdeaux*. The Physicians who had " care of his Health, by order of the King, " seeing the extravagant Excesses of their " Patient, told him roundly, and in a kind " of Heat, That he did all he could to kill " himself, and that, if he continued this " Course of Life, he could not live above " a Fortnight, or Three Weeks, longer. " He desired them then to hold a Consulta- " tion amongst themselves, and let him " know, how long he might live if he ab- " stained from Wine. They did so, and

" told

told him, He might, on that Condition, live five or six Years longer. Upon which he gave them an Answer worthy his Humour. *Go*, says he, *with your Regimens and Prescriptions, and know, that I had rather live three Weeks, and get drunk every Day, than six Years without drinking Wine.* And as soon as he had thus dismissed the Physicians, he caused a Barrel of Wine of *Grave* to be placed at his Bed's Head, resolving to see the Bottom of it before he died; and carried himself so valiantly in this Encounter, that he drank it up to the Lees, fulfilling litterally the Contents of this quaint Epigram of *Epigonus* upon a Frog, who falling into a Pipe of Wine, cried out,

φεῦ τίνες ὕδωρ
πίνουσι μανίην σώφρονα μαινόμενοι.

Having Death and the Glass between his Teeth, the Ministers visited him to bring him to himself, that he might take Resolution to die with some Thought and Reflection, one of them especially exhorted him to recite the Lord's Prayer, upon which, opening his Eyes, he looked very ghastly upon the Minister; *And what is that*, says he, *that you call the Lord's Prayer?* The Standers by answer'd, It was the *Our Father*; and that, if he could not

"pro-

" pronounce that Prayer, they desired him,
" that at least he would recite some Christian
" Prayer, that he might die like a good Man.
" For my part, replied he, I never knew
" any other Prayer than this,

" Cynthia *prima suis miserum me cepit ocellis,*
" *Contractum nullis ante cupidinibus.*

Cynthia's fine Eyes, me wretched, first could move,
Before that Time I knew not what was Love.

" And scarce had he repeated Ten or
" Twelve Verses of that Elegy of *Propertius*,
" but he expired, surrounded with Cups and
" Glasses, and of him one may really say,
" that he vomited his Purple Soul out, *Pur-*
" *puræam vomit ille Animam* *.

I shall not vouch for the Truth of this Story, but you have it as I find it; nor must it be expected that *Buchanan*, who was their mortal Enemy, should find any Favour from the Priests of the Church of *Rome*.

Justus Lipsius got sometimes drunk; he tells us so himself, in his Commentary on *Seneca*, for in that Passage where the Philosopher says, That Drunkenness cures some certain Distempers, he makes on the Word

* *Bayle Dict.* Art. *Buchan. D.*

Distem-

Diſtempers this Remark following. *Melancholy* (We know it by Experience) *or Cold.* And in the Diſcourſes which he ſays were carried on between *Carrio Demius*, and *Duſa*, upon Subjects of Literature, and which he inſerts in his *Antient Leſſons*, they had always a Glaſs in their Hand.

Every one knows that *Baudius*, Profeſſor in the Univerſity of *Leyden*, was a great Drinker, and *Culprit* himſelf pleads guilty to the Indictment. *Habemus rerum confitentem.* Here follow his own Words, which I own I cannot tranſlate without loſing their Beauty in the *Latin*, but the Subſtance is, That he defies Envy it ſelf to ſay any Thing againſt him, but that like the antient *Cato* he drank pretty liberally of the Juice of the Grape. *Concurrant omnes*, ſays he, *non dicam ut ille ſatiricus, Augures, Haruſpices, ſed quicquid eſt ubique hominum curioſorum, qui in aliena acta tam ſedulo iniquirunt ut ea fingant quæ nunquam fuerunt, nihil inveniet quod in nobis carpere poſſit livor, quam quod interdum ad exemplum priſci* Catonii *liberalitatis invitare nos patiamur, nec ſemper conſtitimus ultra ſobrietatem veterum Sabinorum**. And in another Letter he ſays, that the moſt virulent Detractor could never reproach him with any Thing, but that he got ſometimes drunk.

* *Ep.* 33. *Centur.* 3.

Ma-

Malignitas obtrectatorum nihil aliud in nobis figillare potest quam quod nimis commodus sum convivator, & interdum largius adspargor rore liberi patris *.

Balzac made also some little Debauches with some of his Friends at his Country House; and what he wrote to an Officer who was then Prisoner in *Germany*, makes it evidently appear, That he thought it lawful so to do. "In relation, says he, to the "*German* manner of drinking Healths, "which you speak of with such trouble, as "if they were so many *Turkish* Bastinadoes. "I think your Sobriety in that respect to be "a little too delicate, you must learn to Howl "when you are in Company of Wolves, as "the Proverb has it, and not to instance "great Generals; don't you know, that "wise Ambassadors of Kings have heretofore got drunk for the Good of their Master's Affairs, and sacrificed all their Prudence and Gravity to the Necessity of "great Men, and the Custom of the Country where they were. I do not advise "you here to any forbidden Acts of Intemperance, but I think it no manner of harm "now and then to drown your Chagrin in "*Rhenish* Wine, and to make use of that "agreeable Means to shorten the Time,

* *Ep.* 26. *Centur.* 3.

"the

" the long Continuance of which is ever ex-
" tremely tedious to Prisoners *.

The illustrious Professor of *Utrecht*, whose Name shall live as long as the Republic of Letters shall subsist, was a great Drinker, and valued himself for drinking a great deal. It is reported of this learned Man, that at the Congress of the last Peace, a certain *German* Prince, of a Sovereign House, came on purpose to have a Brush with our Professor, who accepted the Challenge, and came off victorious, having fairly laid his Enemy speechless on the Floor.

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* *Lett. choif.* lib. 2. Let. 5.

CHAP. XVI.

Of Nations that uſed to get Drunk.

THE Plot now begins to thicke upon us, and we are come t give an Account of ſuch Nati ons with whom the Cuſtom o getting Drunk was heretofor very much in Vogue; and of thoſe wit whom this ſame Cuſtom reigns at this ver Day.

When we conſult antient Hiſtories up on this Point, we learn from *Plato* *, th the *Scythians*, *Thracians*, *Celtæ* and *Iberian* were the greateſt Drinkers that ever wer *Ælian* † ſays the ſame in relation to the *Thri cians* and *Illyrians*. It is alſo reported of th *Parthians* ‖, that the more they drink th more thirſty they grow.

Atheneus § alſo aſſures us, that the *Thrac ans* were great Drinkers; and he ſays th

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* *Lipſ. Cent.* 3. *Ep.* 51.
† *Lib.* 2. *Cap.* 15.
‖ *Eraſm. Adag.*
§ *Lib.* 10. *cap.* 10.

same Thing of the *Milesians*, *Illyrians*, *Lydians*, *Persians*, *Carthaginians*, *Gauls* and *Spaniards*.

The *Tapyrians* were so much given to Wine, that they past their whole Lives in drinking, and even bathed their Bodies in Wine *.

The *Tarentins* used to drink from Morning till Night, and got quite drunk in public †.

The *Leontins*, a People in *Sicily*, were such great Drunkards, that they occasioned this Proverb, *viz.* the *Leontins* are always near a Cup of Wine ||.

The *Byzantins* must not be refused a Place in this Chapter. *Ælian* reports ¶, that *Leonides*, their General, being besieged, and unable to make his Men keep their Posts, which they quitted every Moment to go and get drunk at the Taverns, he immediately gave Orders that the Vintners should repair with all their Liquors to the Ramparts, by which Stratagem he kept them to their Duty.

But as it may be said, that the Nations we have already mentioned were all barbarous, we shall, for that Reason, verify what

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* *Ælian*, lib. 3. cap. 13.
† *Lib.* 12.
|| *Forner de Ebriet.* lib. 1. cap. 12.
¶ *Lib.* 3. *cap.* 14.

Montaigne says, that amongst Nations the best regulated, and most polite, *this Essay of Drinking deep was very much in use* ||.

The *Greeks*, whom one may look upon as the only Nation of the World for Politeness and good Sense, are a Proof of what I advance. They celebrated the Feasts of *Bacchus* with a great deal of Solemnity; 'tis from them that *Pergræcari*, of which every one knows the Signification, is derived. *Ælian* assures us, they were so very luxurious, that they put perfumed Oils into their Wine, which they called Wine of Myrrh.

The *Romans* had also a very strong Passion for Wine, so that at *Rome* there were frequently very great Seditions for want of it. *Seditiones sunt concitatæ graves ob inopiam vini* *, says *Ammianus Marcellinus*, in the Life of *Constantius* and *Gallus*; and in the Reign of *Constantius* only, the same Historian says, there was a Sedition also upon that very Account.

Titus Livius tells us, that the *Clusians* passed the *Alps*, and came to inhabit the Country that the *Etrurians* possessed before, to have the Pleasure of drinking Wine †.

|| *Essays*, l. 2. cap. 2.
* *Hist. Aug. Script.* Ed. 1609. Fol. p. 414. & p. 425.
† *P.* 85.

Let

Let us now descend to some Nations, with whom, at present, this Custom of getting Drunk is received.

Sir *Paul Ricaut* † assures us, that the *Turks* considering that Wine rejoices the Heart, and comforts the Stomach, have begun to drink it; adding, that at present there are only a few (*Ulamah*) Ecclesiastical Hypocrites, or some ignorant Bigots, or superannuated People, that abstain from that Liquor; but at the same Time Drunkenness is grown very common amongst them.

M. *Du Mont* confirms this Truth, "As to "Wine, says he, tho' it be as expresly forbidden as Swines Flesh, it is nevertheless very certain, that a great many *Mahometans* transgress that Precept; and the justest Thing that I can say in that respect is, that Abstinence from Wine is observed there almost after the same Manner as *Lent* in *France* *.

The *Persians* too drink Wine to Excess, tho' their Law forbids the Use of it; and they say for an Excuse, "That it is to pass "away the Time, and sweeten the Cares "that surprize them ||.

The *Armenians* are no way behind the *Persians*, if we may believe *Tavernier*, who says,

† *Hist. of the* Turks. * *Voyage*, T. 3. Let. 5.
|| *Tavernier's* Trav. 1. lib. 5. cap. 17.

that with them, "He that treats thinks "he has handsomely acquitted himself of "his Entertainment, if his Guests cannot "find the Door when they have a mind to go "home, which would very often happen, "without the Assistance of their Servants, "who lead them, and yet have not Power "enough sometimes to keep them from fal- "ling down in the Room, or in the Street, "which is a great Satisfaction to the Host; "for if he finds any of them Master of so "much Judgment as to guide himself, tho' "he reels never so much, he laments "very much, as having the Misfortune of "spending his Money to no purpose *.

The *Siameze* drink Wine very heartily when they can get it, tho' every Thing that may intoxicate them is forbidden by their Law †.

Father *le Clerc*, Author of a Relation of *Gaspesia*, assures us, that Drunkenness is the favourite Vice of the Inhabitants of that Country ‖.

The Inhabitants of the Coast of *Africa* are great Drunkards; they would give all they had in the World for a Glass of Brandy. At *Loanda*, Capital of the Kingdom of *Angola*,

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* *Tavern.* T. 1. lib. 5. cap. 17.

† *Loubere*, liv. 2. ch. 9.

‖ *Bibl. Univ.* T. 23. p. 44.

a Firkin of Wine sells for above 30 Pounds Sterling. They love it extremely, and they tell you a pleasant Story hereupon of the great Duke of *Bamba*, which is a Province of the Kingdom of *Congo*, viz. that he once refused the Crown, as he himself owned to the Fathers Missioners, that he might be always near the *Portugueze*, and drink, by their means, sometimes a little Wine or Brandy *.

The *Muscovites* love Wine with a kind of Fury, and it has been known, that when a Man who has drunk to excess, and can swallow no more, they wash him soundly with it. And in *Germany* you are not looked upon to have treated your Guest like a Friend, if you do not reduce him to that Condition as quite to forget himself, and know not what he does †.

" As *Georgia* produces strong Wines, so " its Inhabitants are great Drunkards, the " strongest Liquors is what they love most ; " and at their Entertainments they drink " more Brandy than Wine, Women as well " as Men ||.

Sir *John Chardin* § assures us, that there is no Country in the World where they drink

* *Viaggio del Congo.*
† *Chevrean*, T. 2. p. 215.
|| *Tavern.* T. 1. liv. 3. ch. 9.
§ *Voyag.* T. 2. p. 129.

so much Wine, and more excellent, than they do at *Georgia*; adding, that the *Georgians* are great Drunkards, and that the Clergy get drunk as well as the Laity.

Like *People* like *Priest.*

Quales Populus talis Sacerdos.

We have taken care not to forget *Germany. Vocabitur hæc quoque votis.* Which we reserve to the next Chapter.

CHAP. XVII.

Of the Drunkenneſs of the Germans.

THE *Germans* were, in all Times and Ages, great Drinkers, and in the Words of one of their own Poets.

" *Illic nobilitas, æterno nomine digna*
" *Exhaurire cados, ſiccareque pocula longa* *.

——— worthy eternal Fame!
'Tis there a Piece of true Nobility,
To empty Casks, and drink deep Goblets dry.

To demonſtrate the Origin of their Bibacity, it is abſolutely neceſſary to go higher than *Tacitus*, who in the Treatiſe which he compoſed in relation to their Cuſtoms and Manners, thus ſpeaks, " It is no ſhame " with them to paſs whole Days and Nights " in drinking; but Quarrellings are very " frequent amongſt them, as are uſual

* G. *Bruſch.* Inter. p. 405.

" amongst Folks in that respect, and more " often end at Daggers drawing than in *Billingsgate.* It is, however, in such Meetings, that Alliances and Reconciliations " are formed. Here they treat of the Election of Princes. In short, of all Affairs, " of Peace and War. Those Opportunities they think most proper, inasmuch as " then People shake off all Disguise of " Thought and Reflexion, and the Heat of " Debauch engages the Soul of Man to Resolutions the most bold and hardy*.

Owen, our Country Man, has made an Epitaph in Honour of these our substantial Topers, the *Germans*; the Sense of which is, That if Truth lies hidden in Wine, they are the first People in the World that will find it out. His Words are,

Si latet in vino Verum, *ut Proverbia dicunt,*
Invenit verum Teuto vel inveniet.

Let us see now what Travellers have said on this Subject of the *Germans*: And we will

* *Diem noctemque continuare nullam probrum, crebræ sit inter vinolentos rixæ, raro convitiis tapius cede & vulneribus transiguntur. Sed & de reconciliandis invicem inimicitiis & pangendis affinitatibus & adsciscendis principibus, de pace denique ac bello plerunque in conviviis consultant; tanquam nullo magis tempore aut ad simplices cogitationes patea animus, aut ad magnas incalescat.*

begin

begin with M. *Aug. de Thou*, an Eye-witness thereof*. "There is, says he, before "*Mulhausen*, a large Place, or Square; "where, during the Fair, assemble a prodigious Number of People, of both Sexes, "and of all Ages; there one may see Wives "supporting their Husbands, Daughters "their Fathers, tottering upon their Horses "or Asses, a true Image of a *Bacchanal*. "The publick Houses are full of Drinkers, "where the young Women who wait, pour "Wine into Goblets out of a large Bottle with a long Neck, without spilling one "drop. They press you to drink with Pleasantries the most agreeable in the World. "People drink here continually, and return "at all Hours to do the same Thing over "again.

This pleasant Sight, so new to M. *de Thou*, continues almost all Night. And what is very particular amongst such a great Concourse of People, and such a Number of Drunkards, every Thing passes without Dispute and Quarrelling.

Let us now see what the Duke *de Rohan* says on this Head, whose Words are these †. "From thence I came to *Trent*, a Place no "ways agreeable, and famous for nothing

* *Memoir.* de Thou. liv. 2. p. 63.
† *Voyag.* p. 27. Ed. 1646.

"but

" but the last Council which was held there; " and if it was not that it was half *Italian* " (being glad of coming out of little *Barbary*, " and a universal Tipling-House) I would " take no Notice of it; being well satisfi- " ed, that the Mathematicians of our Times " can no where find out the perpetual Moti- " on so well as here, where the Goblets of " the *Germans* are an evident Demonstrati- " on of its Possibility ——— They think " they cannot make good Cheer, nor per- " mit Friendship or Fraternity, as they call " it, with any, without giving the Seal brim- " ful of Wine, to seal it for Perpetuity.

M. *Misson*, who was also some Time in *Germany*, gives us yet a larger Description. " The *Germans*, says he, *are, as you know, " strange Drinkers. There are no People " in the World more caressing, more civil, " more officious; but still another Cup. " They have terrible Customs on that Arti- " cle of Drinking. Every Thing is transi- " acted over the Bottle; you can do nothing " without Drinking. One can scarce speak " three Words at a Visit, but you are asto- " nished to see the Collation come in, or " at least a good quantity of Wine, attend- " ed with Crusts of Bread cut into little " Pieces, upon a Plate with Salt and Pep-

* *Voyage de Italie*, T. 1. Let. 9.

" per,

" per, a fatal Preparative for bad Drinkers. " I must instruct you in the Laws they ob- " serve in their Cups; Laws sacred and in- " violable. You must never drink without " drinking some ones Health, which having " done, you must immediately present the " Glass to the Party you drank to, who must " never refuse it, but drink it to the last " Drop. Reflect a little, I beseech you, " on these Customs, and you will see how, " and by what Means, it is impossible to " cease from drinking. After this manner " one shall never have done. It is a per- " petual Circle to drink after the *German* " Fashion; it is to drink for ever ——— " You must likewise know, that the Glasses " too are respected in those Countries as " much as the Wine is loved; they range " them all about in Ranks and Files; most " of their Rooms are wainscotted up two " Thirds of the Wall, and the Glasses are " ranged all about, like Organ Pipes, upon " the Cornish. They begin with the small, " and end with the large ones, which are " like Melon Glasses, and must be taken off " at one Draught, when they drink any " Health of Importance.

Let us observe here; * " That it was the " Custom of the antient *Greeks* to drink

* *Chevreana*, T. 2. p. 188.

" large-

" largely after Meals; and, that this Cu-
" ſtom is now practiſed in *Germany*." This was what *Æneas*, and the People of his Train, uſed to do, as we learn from theſe Verſes of *Virgil* *.

" *Poſtquam prima quies epulis, menſæque remotæ,*
" *Crateras magnas ſtatuunt & vina coronant.*

After the Teeth had gain'd their firſt Repoſe,
The Diſhes ta'en away, the Cloth re-
mov'd,
The rich Repaſt gigantic Tankards cloſe,
Replete with Wines, by niceſt Taſtes ap-
prov'd.

It is the ſame Thing with the *Armenians*, they never drink till at the End of their Meals. " After they have ſaid Grace the " Diſhes are remov'd, in order to bring in " the Deſert, and then they prepare them-" ſelves to drink to exceſs.

We come now to the *Swiſs*. Here follows what *Daniel Eremita*, a very learned Man, who publiſhed a Deſcription of their Country, has ſaid of them. † " They have the " ſame Simplicity in drinking, but they do " not keep the ſame Moderation. Wine is

* *Æneid.* lib. 1. *v.* 723.
† *Ed.* 8. p. 411.

" what

" what they place their Delight in, and they " prefer it to all Things in the World. At " their Assemblies, both for Pleasure and " Business, or any other Affairs, Wine al- " ways makes a Party; with which, when " they have overloaded their Stomach they " discharge it, and set down to it again, and " drink as they did at first. They leave the " Care of the Family to their Wives and " Children, who live with the utmost Oeco- " nomy, in favour of their Husbands, who " are continually at the Tavern. They talk " with Glass in Hand, and please themselves " in that Posture to recount their *Acts* and " *Gests*, and those of their Ancestors, as " Examples to Posterity. They speak free- " ly all they know, and know not what a " Secret is. In short, this Way of Life " does not only continue whole Days succes- " sively, but all the Time they live.

Nor have Things now taken another Aspect in *Switzerland*. The Author of a Travel lately into that Country, tells us for certain, that " Wine is a singular Attractive, a pow- " erful Charm, against which the *Swiss* can " make no manner of Resistance *.

Before I close this Chapter I shall take Notice of the *Flemings*, whom we ought to

* *Voyag.* de Rouvier, *p.* 89.

look

look upon as making part of *Germany*, who, though they are surrounded by Water, take care never to drink any, which made *Scaliger*, when in *Holland*, say to *Douza*.

" *In mediis habitamus aquis, quis credere possit*
" *Et tamen hic nullæ*, Douza, *bibuntur aquæ* *.

Amidst the Waters here we live,
Yet who can any Credit give
To what I say, for, *Douza*, here
No Water Drinkers e'er appear.

Guicciardin, in his Description of the low Countries, accuses the People of drinking too much. † *Hanno*, says he, *poi per la maggior parte quel vitio del bere troppo.* He adds, however, " That they are in some sort excusable, " because the Air of the Country being for " the most part of the Year humid, and apt " to inspire Melancholy, they could not, " perhaps, make use of a more efficacious " Remedy to expel this irksome, unwholesome Melancholy, than Wine, which, I " suppose, was *Horace*'s Sentiment, when " he said, *With Wine drive away Care.* The " Words in the Original are, *Ma sono in* " *qualche parte scusabili, per che essendo l'aria*

* *De admir.* Holland.
† *Ed. Fol.* 1567. p. 29.

" *del*

" *del paese il pui del tempo humida & malin-*
" *conica, non potrieno peraventura trovar in-*
" *stromento piu idoneo a scacciare & battere la*
" *malinconia odiosa & mal sana che il vino, si*
" *come pare che accerni* Horatio *dicendo. Vino*
" *pellite curas.*

But without any farther talking of the *Germans*, I shall end this Chapter with this necessary Remark, That one need not go out of *England* for Examples of hard Drinking, our Country, God bless it, does not come behind any other in this Particular.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of Nations that get Drunk with certain Liquors.

AS every Country does not produce Wine, but according to the Poet*.

" *Hic ſegetes, illic veniunt fælicius Uvæ.*

Here Wheat, more happily *there* grows the Grape.

Thoſe Nations, with whom there are no Vines, have invented other Drinks to make themſelves Merry. *Pliny* † tells us, That the Weſtern People got Drunk with certain Liquors made with Fruits; and that theſe Liquors have different Names in *Gaul* and *Spain*, tho' they produce the ſame Effect.

Ammianus Marcellinus reports, That the *Gauls* having no Wine in their Country, tho' they are very fond of it, contrive a great

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* *Virgil.*

† *Conſt. & Jul.* lib. 16.

many

many Sorts of Liquors, which produce the same Effect as Wine. *Vini avidum genus adfectans ad vini similitudinem multiplices potus.*

The *Scythians* had no Wine, as appears by the Answer of *Anacharsis* the Philosopher, who being asked, If they had none that played on the Flute in *Scythia*, replied, That they had not so much as any Wine there. However, for all that, they got drunk with certain Liquors which had the Force and Strength of Wine. This also we learn from these Words of *Virgil.*

"Ipsi in defossis specubus, secura subalti
"Otia agunt terrâ, congestaque robora tolasque
"Advolvere focis ulmos, ignique dedere.
"Hic noctem ludo ducunt, & pocula læti
"Fermento, atque acidis imitantur vitea sorbis.

Secure, in quiet Ease, they dwell in Caves
Deep dug in Earth, and to their Chimnies roll
Whole Oaks, and Elms entire, which Flames devour.
Here all the Night in Sport and merry Glee
They pass and imitate, with acid Service,
By Fermentation vinous made, the Grape.

The *Thracians* intoxicate themselves by swallowing the Fumes of certain Herbs which they cast into the Fire.

The

The *Babylonians*, according to *Herodotus*, uſed likewiſe to get drunk, by ſwallowing the Fumes of certain Herbs that they burned.

Strabo reports, that the *Indians* made a certain Drink with Sugar Canes, which made them Merry; very probably, not unlike what we now call Rum.

Benſo, in his Hiſtory of *America*, ſays the ſame of the Inhabitants of the Iſland of *Hiſpaniola*, and ſeveral other Provinces of *America*.

Pliny and *Athenæus* tell us, that the *Egyptians* fuddled themſelves with a Drink made of Barley; by this it ſeems the Liquor of Sir *John Barley-Corn* is very antient.

Leri *, in his Voyage to *Braſil*, tells us, That the Inhabitants of that Country are as great Drinkers as the *Germans*, *Flemings*, *Lanſquenets*, *Swiſs*: And all thoſe merry Gentlemen who love Carouſing, and drink *ſupernaculum*, ought to agree, that they are even with them. Their Drink is made of certain Roots, which they boil and ferment, and is then called by them in their Language *Caou—in*. The Author adds, "That he has "ſeen them not only drink three Days and "Nights ſucceſſively without ceaſing, but "that they were ſo very Drunk, that they

* *P.* 126. *Ed.* 1594.

"could

could swallow no more till they had disgorged, which was in order to begin again.

"There * grows in the *Eastern* Countries certain particular Drugs, with which the Inhabitants are wonderfully delighted, and which produce a kind of Drunkenness, or agreeable Folly, which continues some Time. They are so much accustomed to the Use of these Drugs, by a long Habit, that they imagine that Life must be very sad and unhappy without them. The *Indians* and *Persians* have their *Bangué*, the *Egyptians* their *Bola*, and the *Turks* their *Opium*.

In relation to the *Persians*, *Tavernier* † has these Words, *viz.* "They have a sort of Drink to divert and make themselves Merry, which they call *Kokemaar*, made of Poppy Seeds boiled. They drink it scalding Hot; and there are particular Houses, called *Kokemaar Kroné*, where People meet, and give a great deal of Pleasure and Delight to those who see the ridiculous Postures which this kind of Liquor makes them perform. Before it operates they quarrel with one another, and give abusive Language, without coming

* *L'Emer. des Alim.* part 3. ch. 2.
† *T.* 1. *lib.* 5. *ch.* 17.

"to

" to Blows; afterwards, when the Drug " *begins* to have its Effect, then they alſo *be-* " *gin* to make Peace. One compliments in a " very high degree, another tells Stories, " but all are extremely ridiculous both in " their Words and Actions." And after having ſpoken of other Liquors that they make uſe, he adds, " It is difficult to find " in *Perſia* a Man that is not addicted to " ſome one of theſe Liquors, without which " they think they cannot live but very un- " pleaſantly.

I take no Notice here of that admirable Drink called *Punch* with us; nor *Juniper* Water (vulgarly called *Geneva*, a Corruption from the *French* Word *Genevre*, which ſignifies the ſame Thing) nor that Dram called, *All Fours*, which have ſuch wonderful Effects on the wretched Commonalty.

CHAP. XIX.

Other Conſiderations in favour of Drunkenneſs.

DRunkenneſs will (and ought to do ſo) appear excuſable to People the moſt ſober, if they would but make theſe two Reflections following, *viz.*

I. *That Drunkards are not generally given to Lewdneſs.*

" *Ariſtotle* ſays, That too much Drinking " makes one very improper for the Acts of " *Venus*, and gives his Reaſons. *Athenæus* re- " ports the ſame Thing in that Paſſage, where " he makes mention of the Drunkenneſs of " *Alexander* the Great, a Vice, ſays he, " which, perhaps, was the Cauſe of his " little Inclination for the Ladies.

Montaigne * ſpeaks very well on this Article, " Theſe, ſays he, are two Things which

* *Eſſais*, l. 2. ch. 2.

" vi-

" vigorously oppose each other; this weak-
" ens our Stomach on one Hand; whereas,
" on the other, Sobriety serves to makes us
" more quaint and delicate in the Exercise
" of Love.

Ovid * says much the same Thing.

" *Vina parant animum veneri, nisi plurima fu-*
mas,
" *Ut stupeant multo corda sepulta mero.*

Wine, not too much, inspires, and makes the
Mind
To the soft Joys of *Venus* strong inclin'd,
Which buried in Excess, unapt to Love,
Stupidly lies, and knows not how to move.

II. *That in those Countries where they do not drink to Excess, they are very much addicted to Debauchery.*

It is certain, That in hot Countries they drink a great deal less than they do in cold, but in lieu of that, Lewdness reigns much more. *Montaigne* †, after having observed that they began to drink less than they used to do, adds, " Does any one think it tends
" to Amendment? No, indeed, but, per-

* *De Remed. Amor.*
† *Essais*, liv. 2. ch. 2.

haps

" haps, we are much more given to Whoring " than our Forefathers.

This puts me in mind of an *Italian*, who having reproached a *German* with the Drunkenness of his Country, by these Verses, *viz.*

" Germani *multos possunt tolerare labores*
" *O utinam possint tam tolerare sitim.*

The *Germans* (patient) toil, inur'd to Pain,
O could they but their Thirst so well sustain!

The *German* answered him *extempore* in these other two.

" *Ut nos vitis amor, sic vos* Venus *improba vexat*
" *Est data lex Veneri*, Julia, *nulla mero.*

As we love Wine, so wicked *Venus* you,
'Twas *this*, not *that*, the *Julian* Edict knew.

In order to draw a Consequence from all this, let us speak once more of *Montaigne* *, whose Words are, " And if we cannot give any Pleasure but what costs us something, as the Antients maintain, I find this Vice costs the Conscience less than all the rest,

* *Essais*, liv. 2. ch. 2.

" besides, it is in this respect, no " despicable Consideration, that a Man " advanced in Honours, amongst Three " principal Conveniencies of Life, that he " told me he yet enjoy'd, he reckoned This " for One.

After having shewn in the foregoing Chapters, That Drunkenness reigns all the World over, *Nulla in parte mundi cessat Ebrietas.* Let us see what we may hence infer in its favour: And I ask, if the Agreement of so many different Nations, to do one and the same Thing, proves nothing, and may not, in some Measure, serve as an Apology for Drunkenness? For if one considers, that the surprizing Variety of the Humour and Temperament of Men, do, notwithstanding, in no wise hinder them from agreeing unanimously in this Point, one shall have a very strong Temptation to believe, that the Desire of getting Drunk is an *innate* Quality, and we shall be confirmed in this Sentiment after tasting experimentally the exquisite Sweetness caused by Drunkenness.

To conclude,

All drink, throughout the Universe, 'tis plain,
The Moon drinks up the Sea, the Earth the Rain,

The

The Sun the Air, and ev'ry Tree, we know
The Earth's prolifick Juice imbibes to grow.
The Air sups up the Water too, 'tis said,
Why then, my deareſt Friends, d'ye plague my Head,
And angry grow, becauſe, dry Soul *, I swill
New Wine, Drink fit for Gods, and quaff my fill.

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* *Anima mea non poteſt habitare in ſicco.* S. Aug.

CHAP. XX.

An Answer to the Objection, That Drunkenness causes infinite Evils.

AFTER having specified the good Qualities of Drunkenness, let us now answer some frivolous Objections that may be made against what we have here advanced. For Example, People will not be wanting immediately to object, That Drunkenness has been the Cause of infinite Evils.

To this I answer, that it has been only the Cause of these Evils, when People have pushed it too far, and not observed the Rules they ought to keep in Drinking, and which we shall see here prescribed by and by. For where do we find, that any one of so many grave Philosophers that used to get drunk, made any Disorders? It was for this Reason that *Chrisippus*'s Maid said, that *her Master was drunk in the Hams.* And 'twas on this very Account, perhaps, that the Stoics said of their Sage, "That he was, in-"deed, to be overcome with Wine, but "would not, however, be drunk, *Vino ob-*

"*rutum*

" *rutum iri non ebrium tamen futurum.*

On the other Hand, without being willing to excuse those Disorders which Drunkenness has been the Cause of, one may say nevertheless, that some of these Disorders have produced Effects highly advantagious. " Suppose, for Example, that *Lot* had not " got drunk, and his two Daughters had " not been possessed with the furious Desire " of having Children, and the Fear of dying Maids, you ruin, by this Means, " whole Families, who bore a great part " in the wonderful Events of the Children " of *Israel**.

Their High Mightinesses the States of *Holland*, have eternal Obligations to Drunkenness, since to this they owe, in some sort, the Establishment of their Republic, which was after this manner, according to *Strada*. † The same Day that *Brederode*, accompanied by above two Hundred Gentlemen, had presented that famous Petition to *Margaret* of *Parma*, who then governed the *Netherlands*, he gave a magnificent Entertainment in the House of the Count of *Culenbourg*, there was no want of Drinking; and as they saw the Count of *Hoocstrate*, who by chance passed that way, they began, with a great

* *Lett.* 16. *sur la Crit. du* Calvin.

† Strada *de* Bello Belgico, *Part* 1. *lib.* 5.

deal of Joy, to give one another the Name of *Gueux* †; upon which taking each of them altogether great Glasses in their Hands, they made Vows and Oaths to each other by the Name of *Gueux*, and cried out with one Voice and general Applause, *Long live the* Gueux. After which they promised mutual Fidelity; and the Prince of *Orange* and the Counts of *Egmont* and *Horn* coming to them, they began to drink again, and with great Acclamation renewed Vows and Wishes with these new Comers, as they had already done, for the *Gueux*. At last, in the Heat of Wine, they took those vigorous Resolutions, the Effects of which were afterwards seen, which was the Liberty of the *United Provinces*.

† *The* French *Word for* Beggars.

CHAP. XXI.

An Answer to the Objection, That the Mirth which Wine inspires is chimerical.

IT will be objected, without doubt, that the Mirth which Wine inspires is imaginary, and without any Foundation, and that, as *Boileau* has it.

" *Rien n'est beau que le vrai. Le vrai seul est*
" *amiable.*

Nothing so beautiful as what is true,
That it is only lovely is its Due.

I very willingly own, that this Joy and Mirth is nothing else than the Effect of our Imagination.

Full well I'm satisfied 'tis nothing all
But a deceitful Hope, less solid far,
A thousand Times, than is the moving Sand;
But are not all Things so with wretched Man?

All Things soon pass away like rapid Streams
Which hasten to the Sea, where lost for ever
In th' Ocean's vast Abyss unknown they lie.
Our wisest Wishes and Desires are vain,
Abstracted Vanities, gay painted Bubbles,
That break when touch'd and vanish into Air.
Love, Wisdom, Knowledge, Riches, Phantoms all.

But before we thoroughly refute this Objection, I shall observe by the Way, That Errors and Illusions are necessary to the World. * "In general, indeed, it is true to "say, that the World, as it is now, cannot "keep it self in the same Condition, were "not Men full of a Thousand false Prejudices and unreasonable Passions; and if Philosophy went about to make Men act according to the clear and distinct Ideas of Reason, "we might, perhaps, be satisfied, that Mankind would quickly be at an end. Errors, "Passions, Prejudices, and a Hundred other "the like Faults, are as a necessary Evil to "the World. Men would be worth nothing for this World, were they cured, and "the greatest part of the Things which now "take up our Time, would be useless, as "*Quintilian* well knew, namely Eloquence.

* *Lett.* 16. *sur la Crit. de* Calvin, *p.* 516.

Things

Things are in this Condition, and will not easily change, and we may wait long enough for such a happy Revolution, before we shall be able to say with *Virgil.*

" *Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.*

A Series long of Ages now appear,
Entirely new to Man, before unknown.

On the other Hand, * " If you take away " from Man every Thing that is chimeri- " cal, What Pleasure will you leave him? " Pleasures are not Things so solid, as to " permit us to search them to the bottom; " one must only just touch them and away. " They resemble boggy and moorish Ground, " we must run lightly over them, without " ever letting our Feet make the least Im- " pression.

No, wheresoe'er we turn our wishing Eye,
True Pleasures never can our Souls enjoy.

Let us add, † " That if we did not help to " deceive our selves, we should never enjoy " any Pleasure at all. The most agreeable " Things in this World are, in the bottom,

* *Fontenelle Dial.* d' Elisab. & *du D.* d'Alençon.
† —— *Dial. des Morts de* Callirh. & *de* Paulin

" so trivial, that they would not much affect us if we made but never so little serious Reflection upon them. Pleasures are not made to be strictly examined into, and we are obliged every Day to pass over a great many Things in them, about which it would not be proper to make one self uneasy.

Besides, * " Is not the Illusion we enjoy as valuable as the Good we possess? M. *Fontenelle* makes a very excellent Observation hereupon in these Verses †.

" *Souvent en s'attachant a des fantômes vains*
" *Notre raison seduite avec plaisir s'egare.*
" *Elle-méme joüit l'objets qu'elle a feints.*
" *Et cette illusion pour quelque tems repare*
" *Le defaut des vrais biens que la nature avare*
" *N'a pas accordez aux humains.*

Often enchanted by the 'luring Charms
Of Phantoms gay, our Reason all seduc'd,
With Pleasure roams thro' endless Desarts wild,
Enjoys the Objects which her self has form'd.
And this Illusion for some Time repairs
The want of real Joys, which niggard Nature
Never has granted to unhappy Man.

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* *Nouv. Dial. des Dieux.* p. 68.
† *Poesies Pastor.*

" En-

" Enjoyment, says *Montaigne* *, and Pos-
" session, belong principally to Imagination,
" which embraces more eagerly that which
" it is in pursuit of, than that which we have
" in our Power.

And certainly, one may pronounce them Happy, who thus amuse themselves, and believe themselves to be so. And indeed, when a Man is so far gone in this Perswasion, every Thing that is alledged to the contrary is rejected as a Fable.

But to shew, at present, the Reality, if one may say so, of meer Illusion, we need go no farther than the Poets, who are certainly the happiest Mortals living in that respect.

To instance no more, there's Mr. ———, who would fain be a Rhimer, and that's his Folly; but tho' the poor Man, for his insipid Verses, and improper Epithets, richly deserves our Pity, yet is he wonderfully pleased with his Performances, and with a great deal of Tranquillity mounts up *Parnassus*, in his own Conceit, in loftier Tracts than *Virgil* or *Theocritus* ever knew. But alas! what would become of him, if some audacious Person should dare unbind his Eyes, and make him see his weak and graceless Lines, which, however smoothly they

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* *Essais*, lib. 3. ch. 9.

may

may run, are, at best, but exquisitely dull; contain Terms that have no Meaning in them, and have no other Ornament, but unintelligible Jingle, and initial Letters? How would he curse the Day which deprived his senseless Soul of that happy Error that so much charm'd his Thoughts, and amused his Imagination?

What is here said of the Poets is applicable to all Mankind; and so a Man, whom any one should undertake to perswade, That the Mirth and Joy inspired by Wine is chimerical, would do well to answer him, after the Manner as a certain Mad-man did the Doctor that cured him. The Story is this,

Once upon a Time a certain *Bigot*, otherwise a Man of Sense, had his Brain a little touched with Whimsies, and continually fancied he heard the heavenly Musick of the blessed Spirits. At last a Physician, very expert in his Profession, cured him, either by his Skill, or by Chance, no Matter which; but when he came to demand his Fees; for what? Says the other, in a violent Passion, by your damn'd Slip-slops and hellish Art, you have robbed me of my Paradise, tho' you have cured me of my Error. This I borrow from *Boileau**, as he did from *Horace*†.

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* *Satire* 4. *M. le* Vayer.
† *Lib.* 2. *Ep.* 2.

"There

* " There are, says *Pere Bouhours*, writing to *Bussi Rabutin*, agreeable Errors, " which are much more valuable than that " which the *Spaniards* call *Desengano*, and " which might be called in our Language " *Disabusement*, if this Word, which one of " our best Writers has ventur'd upon, had " been received.

We shall conclude with M. *de Sacy* †, " That it is not always doing Mankind an " agreeable Service to dissipate their Illusi- " ons." And we say of those who taste those Satisfactions Wine inspires, what M *Bayle* says very pleasantly of News-Mongers, who are still in hopes of what they wish for. " They are ‖, says he, the least unhappy, " whatever happens. There is a great deal " of Reality in their agreeable Sentiments, " how chimerical soever their Foundation " may be; so that they do not willingly suf- " fer themselves to be disabused, and they " sometimes say, when one gives them Rea- " sons why they should believe the News " that makes them so joyful, is doubtful, or " absolutely false. *Why do you envy us the* " *Pleasures we enjoy? Do not disturb our En-* " *tertainment, or rob us of what we hold most*

* *Lett. de* Rab. T. 3. Lett. 63.
† *De l'Amitié*, p. 2.
‖ *Rep. aux quest. d'un Prov.* T. 1. ch. 20.

" *dear*

" *dear.* A Friend more opposite to Error " than Charity is a very troublesome Rea- " soner; and if he meddles with their Chi- " meras they'll endeavour to do him a Dis- " kindness.

We come now to another Objection, and that is, That this Joy inspired by Wine is but of a very short Continuance; and the Pleasure one tastes in so short a Space, dearly repaid with a long and tedious Uneasiness. *Ebrietas unius horæ hilarem insaniam longo temporis tedio pensat.*

I own that it is a very great Misery, that our Pleasures are so short; and the shorter too, the more exquisite they are. And, perhaps, this may be a Kindness to us, since some are so superlatively so, that should they continue a much longer space, Mankind could not support themselves under these Ecstacies. But be this as it will, can we make them otherwise than they are? We must therefore have Patience, and take them as we find them. In short, there is no present Happiness in the World; all we can do, is to be contented with the present, not uneasy at what's to come, but sweeten with an Equality of Soul the bitter Miseries of Human Life.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

An Answer to the Objection, That one loses one's Reason in getting Drunk.

IT is objected here, that Reason ought to be the Motive of all our Actions; and, of Consequence, that we ought not voluntarily to lose it.

To this Objection I answer several ways. *First* and foremost then, I say, People do well to talk to us so much of Reason, when almost all Mankind acts without Reason, so that it may pass for a Thing that has no manner of Existence but in the Imagination. We shall prove this from M. *Bayle*. * "We "are defined, says he, *a reasonable Animal*. "A very fine Definition indeed, when none "of us do any Thing but without Reason. "I assure you, Sir, that one may say of "Reason, what *Euripides* said in the be-"ginning of one of his Tragedies, and "which afterwards was corrected, on ac-

* *Lett. 22. sur la Crit. du Calv. p. 756.*

"count

" count of the Murmurings of the People. " *O Jupiter, For of thee I know nothing but* " *only the Name!* In relation to the Faculty " I am talking of, we know nothing more of " it than that, so that we may well laugh at " the Complaints of that Heathen Philoso- " pher, who found that Reason was a very " troublesome Present sent to us by the " Gods for our Ruin; for he supposed, " that Reason busied her self in our Af- " fairs, whereas the Truth of it is, she ne- " ver meddles in the least with them. We " act nothing but with Prejudice, by In- " stinct, by Self-love, and the sudden Starts " of a Thousand Passions, which drag and " turn our Reason as they will, insomuch " that one may most justly define the Princi- " ple which rules and domineers over us, " *A Mass of Prejudices and Passions which* " *knows how to draw Consequences.* I remem- " ber to have seen a Man, who having ne- " ver heard mention made of the *Cotta* of " *Cicero*, said nevertheless as well as he, " that it would have been much better that " God had not made us reasonable, since " Reason poisons all our Affairs, and makes " us ingenious to afflict our selves, upon " which a certain Person said to him in " Raillery, *That he had what he desired; that* " *he had received so small a Share of Reason,* " *that it was not worth his while to complain.* " For my part, I turned the Thing other-

" wise,

" wise, that People were much in the wrong " to murmur against Reason, since it is not " that which guides us; and that it is not " too possible it should, without overthrowing the Order which has reigned so long " in the World. The learned *Erasmus*, " continued I, deserves the highest Praise " in this respect; he has written, *The Praise of Folly*, wherein he shows, That she sheds " every where her Influence, and without her, " the whole World would in a short Time " be turned Topsy turvy. I make no doubt, " Sir, but you know the Merit of that " Work. The Author speaks, tho' in a " merry Manner, the greatest Truths in the " World; and I do not know, whether he " believed himself as profound a Philosopher, as he really was, in that ingenious " Satire.

Secondly, This is not all, * " It is sometimes necessary, for the general Good of " the World, to follow Prejudices, popular " Errors, and the blind Instincts of Nature, " rather than the distinct Ideas of Reason." Mr. *Bayle* extends himself farther on this Idea in another Place, which I shall here insert. " Errors, says he, irregular Passions, " and unreasonable Prejudices, are so ne-

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* *Lett. sur la Crit. du* Calv. *Lett.* 16. p. 504.

† *Ibid*, p. 535.

" cessary

" ceſſary to the World, to make it a Theatre of
" that prodigious Diverſity of Events which
" make one admire his Providence. So that he
" who would reduce Men to do nothing but ac-
" cording to the diſtinct Ideas of *Reaſon*, would
" ruin Civil Society. If Man was reduced
" to this Condition, he would have no longer
" any Deſire of Glory; and having no lon-
" ger that Deſire, is it not true, that then
" Mankind would be like Ice? I ſay, he
" would have no Deſire of Glory, for right
" Reaſon ſhews us, That we ſhould not
" make our Happineſs depend on the Judg-
" ment of other Men; and conſequently,
" that we ſhould not toil and fatigue our
" ſelves, to make other People ſay this, or
" that, of us —— The earneſt Deſire
" of being praiſed after Death, is an In-
" ſtinct of Morality that God has impreſſed
" in the Mind of Man, to keep up Society.
" And it is certain, that earneſt Deſire has
" been the Cauſe of the greateſt Events;
" and this ought to inſtruct us, that the
" World ſtands in need of a great many In-
" ſtincts, which examined according to the
" Ideas of our Reaſon, are ridiculous and
" abſurd. For there is nothing ſo oppoſite
" to Reaſon, as to torment our ſelves in
" this Life, that we may be praiſed after
" we are dead, ſince neither Philoſophy,
" nor Experience, nor Faith, nor any Thing
" whatſoever, makes it appear, That the

" Praiſes

" Praises given us after Death can do us " any good. It would be a Thing uneasy " to the Heart of Man, if we did nothing " but according to the Light of Reason; and " how many Designs would come to nothing " at the same Time?

Thirdly, Besides, Reason very often serves for nothing but to make us wretched. " The Happiness of Man is never the Work " of Reason." Of all our Evils Reason is often the worst; it frightens us in the full Career of our Pleasures, and with importunate Remorses comes to bridle our fleet Desires. The horrid Thing reserves for us most cruel and matchless Rigors. 'Tis like a troublesome Pedant one is forced to hear, who always growls, but never touches us, and frequently like D———, and such like venerable Impertinents, lose the Time they employ in Predication.

* " If there be any Happiness, says *Fontenelle*, that Reason produces, it is like that " Sort of Health which cannot be maintained but by the Force of Physic, and which " is ever most feeble and uncertain." And in another Place he cries out, † " Can " we not have sound Sight without being at " the same Time wretched and uneasy? Is

* *Dial. de M.* Stuart, & P. Riccio.
† *Dial. de* Parmen. & *de* Theb.

" there

" there any Thing gay but Error? And is " Reason made for any Thing else but to " torment and kill us?" * " What Cause " have not Men to bewail their wretched " Condition? Nature furnishes them but " with a very few Things that are agree- " able, and their Reason teaches them how " to enjoy them yet less." † " And, why " has Nature, in giving us Passions which " are sufficient to make us happy, given " us Reason, that will not suffer us to " be so?

'Twas this same troublesome Reason that made *Sophocles* say, ‖ " It is very sweet to " live, but none of your Wisdom, away " with her, she spoils Life.

Vaunt less thy Reason, O unhappy Man!
Behold how useless is this Gift celestial,
For which, they say, thou should'st the rest
disdain.
Feeble as thou wert in thy infant Days,
Like thee she moved, she totter'd and was
weak.
When Age mature arriv'd, and call'd to
Pleasures,
Slave to thy Sense, she still was so to thee,

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* *Dial. de* Alexand. & Phryne.
† *Nouv. Dial. des Dieux*, p. 99.
‖ *Moriæ Encom.*

When

When fifty Winters, Fate had let thee count;
Pregnant with thousand Cares and Worlds of Woes,
The hateful Issue in thy Breast she threw,
And now grown old thou loosest her for ever.

Before I end this Chapter, let every Body take Notice, That if for having spoken so much against Reason, any one should say, that it is a plain sign the Author has none; and that there are a great many others, who, in the Words of M. *La Motte* * will be apt to say,

" *Heureux cent fois l'Auteur avec qui l'on*
" *s'oublie*
" *Qui nous offre un charmant poison,*
" *Et nous associant a sa douce folie*
" *Nous affranchit de la raison.*

Happy the Author, whose bewitching Stile
Life's tedious Minutes can beguile,
Makes us, with him, forget uneasy Care,
And not remember what we are.
Who by a Charm, which no one can withstand,
Enchanting Poison can command,

---

* La Motte, *Od. la Vanité.*

Can

Can make us share his pleasing Foolery,
And from dull Reason set us free.

And I shall not be wanting to answer in the Words of the same Gentleman.

* " *Bûveur's briser le joug d'une raison trop fiere*
" *Eteignez son triste flambeau*
" *D'autres enseignent l'art d'augmente sa lumiere*
" *Mais l'art eteindre est plus beau.*

Break, jolly Topers, break th' ungrateful Chain
Of Reason, if she too imperious grow,
Of being disturb'd you never need complain,
If you put out her troublesome Flambeau.
Others may teach the Art t' Increase her Fires,
To put them Out a finer Art requires.

* *Od. Thalia.*

CHAP. XXIII.

An Answer to the Objection, That one cannot trust a Man that gets Drunk.

THERE is a Proverb amongst the *Jews*, * " *Ingrediente vino* " *egreditur secretum.*" As the Wine goes in so the Secret goes out. *Seneca* † makes the same Objection. " As, says he, new Wine " bursts the Vessel, and the Heat makes " every Thing go upwards, so the Force of " Wine is such, that it brings to light, and " discovers, what is most secret and hid- " den.

In answer to this Objection I say, That People who are naturally Secret, are not less so after drinking. || " And *Bacchus* " was not said to be the Inventor of Wine, " on Account of the Liberty of his Tongue, " but because he freed our Minds from

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* *Voyage de* Rouvie, *p.* 497.
† *Ep.* 83.
|| Seneca *de Tranquil.*

" Dis-

" Disquiet, and makes them more firm and
" resolute in what we undertake.

Besides, do we not see every Day, People of all Ranks, Conditions, and Characters, get drunk, and yet we trust them with Secrets, and it very rarely happens they speak of them when they are drunk. Thus, if we consult History, we shall learn from *Seneca* † himself, that the Design of killing *Cæsar* was as well communicated to *Tullius Cimber*, who was a great Drinker, as to *C. Cassius*, who drank nothing but Water. And tho' *L. Piso*, Governor of *Rome*, got frequently drunk, he, notwithstanding, excellently acquitted himself of his Duty. *Augustus* made no manner of difficulty to give him secret Instructions, bestowing on him the Government of *Thrace*, the Conquest of which he intirely completed. *Tiberius*, before he left *Rome*, where he was generally hated, in order to retire into the *Campania*, made choice of *Costus*, who was extremely given to Wine, for Governor of that City, to whom he communicated such Things as he dared not trust his own Ministers with.

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* Seneca, *Ep.* 83.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

An Answer to the Objection, That Drunkenness makes one uncapable of performing the Duties of Civil Life.

I DENY this absolutely, and to prove the contrary, I say, the *Persians* had a Custom to deliberate on Things the most serious, and of the greatest Importance, after hard Drinking. *Tacitus* reports the same Thing of the *Germans*. *Dampier* assures us, That the same Custom is practised with the Inhabitants of the Isthmus *Darien*. And to go higher, one finds in *Homer*, that during the Siege of *Troy*, the *Greeks*, in Council, did eat and drink heartily. An evident Proof, that this Objection is contrary to Experience. But to go farther, this same Experience made the Antients look on those who could carry a great deal of Wine, as Persons of a Genius very much superior to those who could not drink at all. On this Account it was, that *Cyrus*, in writing to the *Lacedemonians* the Reasons which rendered him more capable of Government than his Brother, amongst other Things, takes Notice, that he could

drink more Wine than he. And so mar
fine Productions, for which we are obliged
the Drunkenness of the Poets, make it ev
dently appear, that Wine, far from rende
ing us uncapable of doing any Thing that
good, rather helps and incites us to it. Th
important Truth we shall confirm by sever
Examples.

Plutarch relates, that *Philip* King of *M*
cedon, after having conquered the *Athenia*
made a Feast, at which he got drunk; a
that all proud with that happy Success,
nevertheless did a great many Things inti
ly ridiculous; but being informed that t
Ambassadors that the *Athenians* sent
him to desire Peace, wished to see him,
changed his Countenance all of a sudd
and having heard their Proposals with
possible Attention, answered them with
great deal of Justice.

The Emperor *Bonosus*, who *Amelian* s
was born not to live, but to drink, acted
ways with greater Prudence after drinki
says *Flavius Vopiscus*, after *Onesimus* *.

We have taken Notice, in the forego
Chapter, that *L. Piso*, Governor of *Ro*
tho' he was often drunk, acquitted himse
notwithstanding, punctually of his Duty.

* Flav. Vopisc. *in vita* Bonos.

† *Christiern*, the 4th King of *Denmark*, drank like a Templer, and never King was more laborious, a greater Lover of his Subjects, or more beloved by them.

* *Scaliger* says, That a *German* has as much Reason when he is drunk, as when he has drank nothing. *Non minus sapit* Germanus *ebrius quam sobrius.*

‖ *Montaigne* speaks in his Essays, of a great Lord of his Time, who, tho' he drank every Day a prodigious Quantity of Wine, was, nevertheless, equally careful in his Affairs. According to which, that which *Cicero* says is not generally true, *viz.* "That one must never expect Prudence "from a Man that is always drunk." *Nec enim ab homine nunquam sobrio postulanda prudentia* ¶.

Another Proof that Drunkenness does not render us uncapable of doing any Thing that is good, is, that it inspires People with Courage, and even makes the Coward valiant. *Ad prelia trudit inertem.* Experience confirms this Truth. "We see, says *Mon-* "*taigne* §, that our *Germans*, tho' drowned in

† Amel. *de la* Houssai *sur* Tacit. *Ann.* Liv. II. ch. 35.

* Scaligeriana, *p.* 169.

‖ *L.* 2. *ch.* 2.

¶ *Orat.* 2. Philip.

§ *Essais*, l. 2. ch. 2.

" Wine, remember their Poſt, the Word
" and their Rank.

We read in *Spartien*, That a certain General having been vanquiſhed by the *Saracens*, his Soldiers laid all the Blame of their Defeat on their want of Wine.

The Soldiers of the Army of *Peſcennius Niger* preſſed earneſtly for Wine, undoubtedly to make them fight the better; but he refuſed them in theſe Words, *You have the Nile*, ſaid he, *and do you ask for Wine?* In Imitation, I ſuppoſe, of the Emperor *Auguſtus* *, who, when the People complained of the Dearneſs and Scarcity of Wine, ſaid to them, *My Son in Law* Agrippa *has preſerved you from Thirſt by the Canals he has made for you.*

By what has been ſaid it plainly appears That Wine is ſo far from hindering a Man from performing the Duties of Life, that it rather forwards him, and is an admirable Ingredient in all States and Conditions, both of Peace and War, which made *Horace* † thus beſpeak the God of Wine.

" *Quanquam choreis aptior & jocis*
" *Ludoque dictus, non ſat idoneus*

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* Sueton. *in Vit.* Auguſt.
† *Lib.* 2. *Od.* 19.

" *Pug*

" *Pugnis ferebaris, sed idem*
" *Pacis eras mediusque Belli.*

Tho' thou more apt for Love than furious War,
And gay Desires to move, thy chiefest Care,
Let War, and sweetest Pleasures, you can joyn,
Both *Mars* and *Venus* are Devotes to Wine.

CHAP. XXV.

Burleſque, ridiculous, and out-of-the-Way Thoughts, againſt Drunkenneſs.

IT is reported that *Gerſon* ſhould ſay, That there was no Difference between a Man's killing himſelf at one Stroke, or to procure Death by ſeveral, in getting Drunk.

Some Body has burleſqued this Verſe of *Ovid* *,

Vina parant animos, faciuntque coloribus aptos.

And thus changed it,

Vina parant aſinos, faciuntque furoribus aptos.

† *Cyneas* alluding to thoſe high Trees to which they uſed to faſten the Vines, ſaid one

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* Sphinx *Theol.* p. 682.

† *Diver. cur.* T. 1. p. 141.

Day,

day, diſcourſing on Wine, that it was not without Reaſon that his Mother was hanged upon ſo high a Gibbet.

‖ "The Diverſion that People took heretofore in making one another drunk, appeared more heinous to St. *Auguſtine* than an Aſſaſſination, for he maintained, that thoſe who made any one drunk, did him greater Injury than if they had given him a Stab with a Dagger.

* "A *Greek* Phyſician wrote once a Letter to *Alexander*, in which he begged him to remember, that every Time that he drank Wine, he drank *the pure Blood of the Earth*, and that he muſt not abuſe it.

† "Some Poets ſay, that it was the Blood of the Gods wounded in their Battle with the Giants.

¶ "The *Severians* in St. *Epiphanius*, hold, that it was engendered by a Serpent, and it is for that Reaſon that the Vine is ſo ſtrong. And the *Encratites*, in the ſame Author, imagine to themſelves, that it was the Gall of the Devil.

‖ *Rep. des Lett.* Janv. 1687. *Art.* I.
* Androcydes.
† *Entret. de* Voiture, *&* *de* Coſtar, *Lett.* 29.
¶ *Lib.* 1. *Heref.* 47.

" *Noah* * in an Hour of Drunkenness, " says St. *Jerom*, let his Body be seen na- " ked, which he had kept covered for six " Hundred Years.

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* *Ep. ad Oceanv.*

CHAP. XXVI.

A ridiculous Averſion that ſome have to Wine.

AN averſion to Wine is a Thing not very common; and there are but a very few but will ſay with *Catullus*.

" *At vos quo lubet, hinc abite lymphæ*
" *Vini pernicies.*

Pernicious Water, bane to Wine, be gone.

One ſhould certainly be very much in the wrong to put in the Number of thoſe who had an Averſion to Wine the Duke of *Clarence*. His Brother *Edward* the Fourth, prejudiced with the Predictions of *Merlin*, as if they foretold, that one Day that Duke ſhould uſurp the Crown from his Children, reſolved to put him to Death, he only gave him the Liberty to chuſe what Death he would die of. The Duke being willing to die a merry Death, choſe to be drowned in a *Butt*

of *Malmesey*. Not unlike him on whom this Epigram was made.

* " *In cyatho vini pleno cum musca periret,*
" *Sic ait* Oeneus, *sponte perire velim.*

In a full Glass of Wine expir'd a Fly,
So, said *Oeneus*, would I freely die.

But let us come in earnest to those who have really had an Antipathy to Wine. *Herbelot*†, in his *Bibliotheque Orientale*, says, that there are some *Mussulmans* so superstitious, that they will not call Wine by its true Name, which is *Schamr* and *Nedibh*; and that there are some Princes amongst them that have forbidden the mentioning of it by express Laws. The Reason of all this is, the Prohibition of *Mahomet* to his Followers, which enjoyns them not to drink Wine. The Occasion of which Prohibition is as follows. ‖ " They say, that passing one Day " thro' a Village, and seeing the People in " the Mirth of Wine embracing and kis- " sing one another, and making a Thou- " sand Protestations of Friendship, he was " so charmed with the Sight, that he blessed

* *Rem. sur* Rabel. T. 4. ch. 93.
† *Page* 777.
‖ Du Mont. *Voyag.* T. 3. Let. 5.

" the

" the Wine, as the beſt Thing in the
" World. But that, at his return, ob-
" ſerving the ſame Place full of Blood,
" and having been informed, that the ſame
" Men whom he had ſeen before ſo merry,
" had, at laſt, changed their Mirth in-
" to Rage, and been fighting with their
" Swords, he recalled his Benediction, and
" curſed Wine for ever, on account of the
" bad Effects it produced.

It is one of the chief Commandments amongſt the *Siameze*, to drink no Wine, nor any Liquor that will procure Drunkenneſs *.

† " Drunkenneſs is deteſted in moſt Parts
" of hot Countries. It is looked upon there
" as infamous. The greateſt Affront you
" can give a *Spaniard*, is to call him Drun-
" kard. I have been aſſured, continues
" M. *Bayle*, a Servant, if his Maſter ſhould
" call him ſo, might bring his Action at
" Law againſt him, and recover Damages,
" tho' any other Name he'll ſuffer very pa-
" tiently, and without any right of Com-
" plaint of being injured in his Reputa-
" tion, as Rogue, Hang-Dog, B———,
" *&c.*

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* Chaumont *Voyag. de* Siam.
† Bayle *Dict.* T. 2. p. 1266.

Empe-

Empedocles, we may well conclude, loved Wine, which he called, *Water putrified in Wood.*

* Amongst the *Locrians*, *Seleucus* had such an Averſion to Wine, that he forbad any one to drink it under Pain of Death, or even give it to the Sick.

Apollonius Thyanæus never drank any Wine, no more than St. *Fulgentius*, Biſhop, *S. Stephen* King of *Poland*, and Cardinal *Emeri*.

† "The *Severians*, Diſciples of *Severus*, "in the Time of Pope *Sotherus*, condemned "abſolutely Wine, as a Creature of the "Devil.

‖ The Emperor *Frederic* the Third, ſeeing his Wife barren, conſulted the Phyſicians upon the Caſe, who told him, that if the Empreſs would drink Wine ſhe might be fruitful. But he told them, like a Simpleton as he was, that he had rather his Wife ſhould be barren and ſober, than be fruitful and drink Wine. And the Empreſs being informed of the wiſe Anſwer of the Imperial Ninny-Hammer her Husband, ſaid full as wiſely, That if ſhe was

* Ælian, *lib.* 2. *ch.* 33.
† Du Mont. *Voyag.* T. 3. Lit. 5.
‖ *Rec. choiſe d' Hiſt.*

to be put to her Choice, to drink Wine or die, she should make no manner of Hesitation, but prefer Death.

De nimia Sapientia libera nos Domine.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

Rigorous Laws againſt Wine aud Drunkenneſs.

IT is eaſy to imagine, that Princes who did not love Wine themſelves, would make very rigorous Laws againſt Drunkenneſs, and fall into that Fault which *Horace* ſpeaks of.

Dum vitant ſtulti vitia in contraria currunt.

But this Maxim, *Nullum violentum durabile*, has been verified a great many Times, upon this Subject of Drunkenneſs, for all the Laws made againſt it have not long ſubſiſted.

* *Pentheus*, King of *Thebes*, endeavoured to extirpate entirely the Cuſtom of getting Drunk, but he did not find his Account in it, for he was very ill treated by his Subjects for his Pains.

† *Lycurgus*, King of *Thrace*, commanded all the Vines of the Country to be cut up,

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* Sphinx *Theol.* p. 669.
† *Hiſt.* 7 *Sap.*

for

for which he was justly punished by *Bacchus*. He also made Laws against Drunkenness, which one may reckon amongst the bad ones that he instituted. As,

I. *The using Women in common.*
II. *The Nudity of young Women in certain solemn Festivals.*

* " *Pittacus*, one of the wise Men of " *Greece*, commanded, that he who committed a Fault when he was drunk, should suffer double Punishment. And amongst " the Laws of *Solon*, there was one, which " condemned to Death the chief Magistrate " if he got drunk. Amongst the *Indians*, " who only just touch Wine in the Ceremonies of their Sacrifices, the Law commands, that the Woman who killed one of " their Kings, should get drunk, and marry his Successor.

† The *Athenians* had also very severe Laws against those that should get drunk; but one may say, these Laws resembled those of *Draco*, which were written rather with Blood than Ink.

We come now to the *Turks*. Sir *Paul Ricaut* ‖ tells us several Particulars on this Head.

* Chevreana, *T.* 1. p. 217.
† *Hist. of Sap.*
‖ *See his* Turkish *Hist.*

Amu-

Amurath, says he, resolved in the Year 1634, to forbid entirely the Use of Wine. He put out a severe Edict, which commanded all the Houses where they sold Wine to be razed, the Barrels where-ever they should be found to be staved, and the Wine to be let out into the Streets. And that he might truly be satisfied his Orders were obeyed, he frequently disguised himself, and walked in that manner about the City; and when he found any one carrying Wine, he sent him to Prison, and had him bastinadoed almost to Death. One Day he met in the Streets a poor deaf Man, who not hearing the Noise usually made at the Approach of the Sultan, did not soon enough avoid a Prince whose Presence was so fatal. This Negligence cost him his Life. He was strangled by order of the Grand Seignior, who commanded his Body to be cast into the Street. But this great Severity did not last long, and all Things returned to their former Condition.

However, Matters took again another Turn under the Reign of *Mahomet* the IVth. who in 1670. resolved to forbid all the Soldiery the Use of Wine. The terrible Seditions that Liquor had formerly raised were remembered, and especially, that which happened under *Mahomet* the Third, who saw his *Seraglio* forced by a great Multitude of Soldiers full of Wine, and whose Fury he

could

could not free himself from, but by sacrificing his principal Favourites. An Edict was published, to prohibit entirely the Use of Wine, and to command all those who had any in their Houses, to send it out of Town. The same extended all over the Empire. The Sultan condemned to Death those who should violate this Decree, in which he spoke of Wine as of a Liquor infernal, invented by the Devil to destroy the Souls of Men, to disturb their Reason, and put States into Combustion. This was rigorously put in Execution, and to that Extremity, that it cost the Ambassador of *England*, and the Christian Merchants of *Constantinople*, great Sollicitations, and large Sums of Money, to get leave to make only as much Wine as would suffice for their own Families. At *Smyrna*, the Officers of the Grand Seignior had not the same Indulgence for the Christians, who were one whole Year without Wine; and it was with great Difficulty they got leave to import it from the Isles of the *Archipelago*, and other Places, not comprized in that Prohibition. For this Prohibition reached only those Places where there were *Mosques*. Besides all this, they made every *Friday* Sermons stuffed full of Declamations against those who should drink it. In short, this Edict was so severe, that Wine seemed to be banished for ever the States of the Grand Seignior. But in about a Year's Time its Severity

verity was ſomewhat remitted. The Ambaſſadors, and other Chriſtians, had leave to make Wine within themſelves, and about a Year after that, the Indulgence for Wine was general, the Taverns were opened, and at this Day that Liquor is as common as it was before.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Rules to be observed in getting Drunk. I. *Not too often.* II. *In good Company.*

TO avoid the Disorders that Drunkenness might cause, here are some Rules that ought to be observed in this important Affair of getting Drunk; for, according to *Pliny*, the Art of getting Drunk has its Laws.

Hæc ars suis legibus constat.

I. The first, and principal of these, is not to get drunk too often. This is what * *Seneca* recommends very much. "You must not, "says he, do it often, for fear it grow into "a Habit; 'tis but only sometimes, you "should make your Spirits gay in banish-"ing gloomy Sobriety.

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* *De Tranquillitate.*

And

And if any Person objects, That if one gets drunk sometimes one shall do it often. I deny the Consequence, and say in the Words of the Philosopher, an Axiom held by both Universities, that

Ab actu ad habitum non valet consequentia.

II. Second Rule. One must not get drunk but in good Company. That is to say, with good Friends, People of Wit, Honour, and good Humour, and where there is good Wine. For Example, a Man in former Times would have done very ill to get drunk with *Heliogabalus*, whose Historian * reports, that after having made his Friends drunk, he used to shut them up in an Apartment, and at Night let loose upon them *Lions*, *Leopards*, and *Tygers*, which always tore to pieces some of them. On the other Hand, the best Wine in the World will taste very bad in bad Company. 'Tis therefore that *Martial* reproaches one, that he spoiled his good Wine with his silly Babbling.

——— *Verbis mucida vina facis.*

* Ælius *Lampid. in Vit.* Heliogab.

CHAP. XXIX.

Third Rule, *With good Wine.*

WHEN one has a mind to get drunk, one ſhould make Choice of good Wine, and not drink bad, which is prejudicial to Health. For Example, green Wine is very bad; this * *Guilleaume Cretin*, a great Punſter, has expreſſed in theſe Verſes, which, I own, I am not able to put into *Engliſh*.

" *Par ce vin verds* Atropos *a trop os*
" *Des corps humains ruez envers en vers*
" *Dont un quidam apre aux pots a propos*
" *A fort blâmé les tours pervers en vers.*

Good Wine, on the contrary, has very good Effects. *Eraſmus* † preſerved himſelf from the Plague, by drinking a Glaſs of *Burgundy* at a proper Seaſon.

You ſee now the Efficacy of good Wine, which, to be in its Perfection, the Adepts in

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* *Rem. ſur.* Rabel. *T.* 3. p. 39.
† *Journ. des* Sçav. June, 1706.

the

the Free Schools of *Liber Pater* say, must have these four Properties, and please these four Senses; the Taste by its Savour, the Smell by its Flavour, the Sight by its clean and bright Colour, and the Ear by the Fame of the Country where it grows. Old Wine was looked upon to be the best by the Antients.

A Beauty, when advanc'd in Age,
No more her Lovers can engage,
But Wine, the rare Advantage, knows,
It pleases more, more old it grows.

And were they never so old themselves, they would still, if possible, have the Wine older than they were. *Nec cuiquam adeo longa erat vita, ut non ante se genita potaret* *. Which these Words of *Seneca* † also confirm, "Why at your House do you drink Wine "older than your self? *Cur apud te vinum* "*apud te vetustius bibitur.*

Martial says, "Do you ask me of what "Consulate this Wine is? It was before "there were any Consuls in the World.

"*De sinuessanis venerunt Massica prælis:*
"*Condita quo quæris consule? nullus erat.*

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* Plin.
† *De Vit. beat. c.* 17.

At present the Fame of the best Wine in *Europe* is reckoned to be, that of *Monte Fiascone*, two Days Journey from *Rome*. Here it was a *German* Abbot killed himself by drinking too much of this delicious Creature. The Story is this, and it is related in *Lassell*'s Travels.

A certain *German* Abbot travelling to *Rome*, ordered his Servant to ride before him, and when he found the best Wine, to chalk upon the Door of the Inn (in order to save Time) the Word *EST*. Coming to *Monte Fiascone*, he found it so excellent, that he put down, *Est*, *Est*, *Est*, which the Abbot finding true, drank so plentifully of it, that he went no farther on his Journey, but lies buried, they say, in the Cathedral Church, with this Epitaph, written by his Servant the Purveyor.

Est, *Est*, *Est*,

&

Propter nimium Est,

Herus meus Dominus Abbas

mortuus Est.

The Wine called *Lachrymæ Christi*, or *the Tears of Christ*, is a most delicious Wine. At least a Master of Arts of the University of *Cologn* thought so, who going also to *Rome*, drank

drank at the same Place pretty heartily of it, and out of the Abundance of his Heart cried out,

Utinam Christus lachrymatus fuisset in nostra Patria.

I wish Christ had shed Tears in our Country.

M. *Hofman* believes, that Rhenish Wine is the best of all Wines for one's Health.

There grows also most excellent Wines in *France*, such as *Champagne*.

* *Wenceslaus*, King of *Bohemia* and the *Romans*, being come into *France* on account of some Negotiations with *Charles* the 6th, arrived at *Rheims* in the Month of *March*, 1397. when he was in that City he found the Wine so good, that he got drunk more than once; and being one Day in that Condition, that he could not enter into any serious Discourses, he rather chose to grant what was asked of him than leave off drinking.

The Wines of *Burgundy* must not be forgotten, which some prefer to *Champagne*. *Baudius* called *Vin de Beaulne*, *Vinum Deorum*, the Wine of the Gods."

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* *Journ. de Sçav. June* 1706.

‡ Patimana, *p.* 34.

The

The Wines of *Ai* are also very excellent. S. *Evremont* * says, that *Leo* the 10th, *Charles* the 5th, *Francis* the 1st, and *Hen.* 8th, King of *England*, did not think it below their Dignity, amongst the most important Affairs of State, to take care to have the Wines of *Ai*. *Henry* IV. caused himself to be stiled Lord of *Ai* and *Goneſſe*.

But I shall desire my Readers here to observe two Things, First, That artificial Wines, and a many other Liquors, containing a great deal of gross viscous Matter, excite a Drunkenness more long and dangerous, than that which is produced by ordinary Wines. Another Thing is, Never to get drunk with Brandy, Spirits, and Strong Waters. *Patin* † says very pleasantly, that these are sugar'd Poisons which surely kill: They give Life to those who sell them, and Death to those who use them.

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* *Lett. S.* Evrem.
† *Vign.* Marvill, *T.* 2. *p.* 7.

CHAP. XXX.

Fourth Rule, *At convenient Times.*

THO' one must not get drunk every Day, one may, notwithstanding, on certain Occasions. One must sometimes unbend the Mind.

Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.

And when a Man puts on the Air of a Philosopher, 'tis then he turns Fool in affecting to be wise.

There is a Time for all Things, and so there is in getting Drunk, that is, getting drunk with Decency and Decorum; and there are some Times which are not convenient to do so. As for Example (for I love to illustrate what I advance) it does not suit with Decorum for a Judge to be drunk on the Bench; nor a Crier in the Court exercising his Office, [hiccup, ki —— Book] a Parson in the Pulpit, an experimental Philosopher in shewing of his Gimcracks, nor a Free-Mason on the Top of a Church Steeple.

But

But it suits very well with strict Decorum, to get drunk at a publick Rejoicing after a signal Victory.

When the proud *Gaul* sustain'd an Overthrow
By the Immortal MARLBOROUGH
Ever Invincible! then you and I,
My *Thirsis*, shar'd the common Joy.
Blenheim and *Rameillies* were then our Song,
The Day tho' short, the Night was long,
Till both with mighty Claret glow'd,
And tipsy, to our Beds were show'd.

We may also very decently get drunk with a Friend we have not seen a long while.

Here 'tis! — O welcome, Flask Divine,
How bright does thy Vermillion shine!
Thou charming Native of *Dijon**,
At thy Approach my Cares are flown,
Sad Melancholy is no more,
Which rack'd and plagu'd my Soul before.
Whether thy Influence incites,
(Sweet Influence) to soft Delights;
Or else dost other Measures keep,
And gently urge to peaceful Sleep.

---

* Dijon, *chief City in* Burgundy.

O may'ſt thou ſtill ſuch Streams beſtow,
Still with ſuch ruddy Torrents flow.
Damon, this Bottle is your due,
And more I have in Store for you
Under the Sun the faithfulleſt Friend:
I've kept them for no other End.
Drink then a Bumper, 'tis a Folly,
Dear *Damon*, to be melancholy.

However rigorous the *Roman* Laws were againſt Drunkenneſs, they permitted it nevertheleſs on their Feſtivals; witneſs what a young Man ſaid to his Father in Preſence of the People. * "No Father, ſays "he, I have no reaſon to be aſhamed for "having taken a little more Wine than or"dinary at a Feaſt with my Companions." *Non eſt res qua embeſcam, Pater, ſi die feſto inter æquales largiore vino fui uſus.*

The *Perſian* Soldiers, who otherwiſe lived very ſoberly, were permitted to get drunk once a Year †.

In *Georgia*, he who did not get quite drunk at their principal Holidays, as at *Eaſter* and *Chriſtmas*, was not looked upon to be a Chriſtian, and ought to be excommunicated. § So that, according to this,

* *Tit.* Liv. *lib.* 4. *ch.* 14.
† Alex. *ab* Alex. *lib.* 2. *ch.* 11.
§ *Voyag. de* Chard. *T.* 2. 129.

get-

getting drunk at certain convenient Times amongſt theſe Chriſtians, was ſo far from being unlawful, that a Man was not looked upon to be Orthodox without he did ſo. Getting drunk is therefore very Orthodox.

CHAP. XXXI.

Fifth Rule, *To force no one to drink.*

IT is very ridiculous and unreasonable to force any one to drink, becauſe the taking away Liberty ſpoils Company, the Benefit of which cannot ſubſiſt without Freedom. Beſides, every Man's Capacity of drinking is not the ſame; one ſhall be able to drink a Gallon, and another a Pint; the latter therefore, by drinking a Pint, has drank as much as the former when he has taken off his Gallon, becauſe they both have drank as they can, and ——— *Ferdinando* ——— No Man can do more than he can do. Let every Man therefore have the Liberty to drink as he pleaſes, without being tied up to the mad Laws of drinking. I am of the ſame Opinion in this Matter with Brother *Horace*.

——— ——— *Prout ciuq; libide eſt*
Siccat inequales calices conviva ſolutus
Legibus inſanis, ſeu quis capit acria fortis
Pocula, ſeu modicis humeſcit lætius ———

We

We learn from History, that there was an antient Law amongst the *Persians*, that forbad any one to force another to drink. The *Lacedemonians* also had that laudable Custom.

Charlemagne also made a Law, that prohibited forcing any one to drink.

Mr. *Bayle* reports a very pleasant Revenge that M. *Peyren* gave to *Raphael Thorius*, a very learned Person, who would force him to drink, which take as follows. * " M. " *Peyren* dining at *London* with several Per- " sons of Learning, could not be discharged from drinking a Health that Dr. *Thorius* toasted. The Glass was of a prodigious size, which M. *Peyren*, for that reason, a long while refused, and alledged a thousand Reasons, but all in vain: He must empty the Glass. Before he did it he made this Agreement with his Antagoniast, that he should drink a Health afterwards that he should toast to him; which being consented to, he took off the Bumper, and filled the Glass full of Water, and drank it off to the Doctor, who thereupon was Thunder-struck, but seeing he could not get off, sighed deeply, and lifted the Glass a Thousand Times to

* *Diction.* p. 2875. *Art.* Thor.

" his Lips, and as often drew it back again: " He called to his Assistance all the quaint " Sayings of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, " and was almost the whole Day drinking " that cursed Bumper.

This is not much unlike what M. *Chevreau* reports of *Marigni*, who, * " after " having dined at one of the best eating " Houses in *Frankfort*, with six or seven Persons of Quality, was called to the Side-board, where one of them began the Emperor's Health. This he must drink, and as he foresaw very well, that this Extravagance would be attended with others, he order'd three or four great Pieces of Bread to be brought to him, and having eaten half of one to the Health of the King of *France*, he gave the other Half to the other, who took it, indeed, but would not so much as put it to his Mouth. The Company surprized at so unexpected a Novelty let him alone without any Contradiction.

Nevertheless, one should be very diligent in observing this Rule, which is, That when we find our selves in the Company of People that drink, and would not run those Lengths they are going to do, to

* Chevræana, *T.* 2. *p.* 188.

retire;

retire; and this was a ſtanding Law amongſt the *Greeks* in their Feſtivals, and ought to be as unalterable as the Laws of the *Medes* and *Perſians*, viz.

DRINK, OR GO ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS.

CHAP. XXXII.

Sixth Rule. *Not to push Drunkenness too far.*

IT is certain, that to do well, we ought continually to have an Eye to this Maxim of *Horace*, viz. *Est modus in rebus.* And the *Ne quid nimis* of *Terence*. But especially, in this grand and most important Affair of Drunkenness. *Seneca* very well distinguishes two Sorts of Drunkenness, one which entirely *buries* our Reason; and the other, which only *diverts* Melancholy and Chagrin. The last we believe to be very lawful: But we would have it go farther, even so far, as not only to *divert*, but to *drive away* our Cares entirely, or else not to get drunk at all. That which is between these, if any such there can be, does one an Injury, according to the Poet.

Aut nulla Ebrietas, aut tanta sit ut tibi curas
Eripiat, si qua est inter utramque nocet.

After

After this Manner would we have People uſe the Juice of the Grape; that is, to go ſo far, as to make our Hearts merry, gay, and ſprightly, and ſo as to forget our Cares.

It would be here uſeleſs to ſhew, by a great many Examples, the Diſorders that Drunkenneſs has cauſed, when puſhed too far, becauſe it was never the Intention of this Work, but to divert (as Wine was deſigned to do) and make merry, I ſhall therefore conclude the whole with an Ode to *Bacchus*, as follows.

AN ODE TO *BACCHUS.*

I.

LET's sing the Glories of the God of Wine,
May his immortal Praise
Be the eternal Object of our Song,
And sweetest Symphonies; may ev'ry Tongue
And Throat sonorous, vocal Music raise,
And ev'ry grateful Instrument combine
To celebrate, great God, thy Power Divine.

Let

Let other Poets to the World relate,
Of *Troy*, the hard, unhappy Fate;
And in immortal Song rehearse,
Purpled with Streams of Blood the *Phrygian* Plain;
The glorious Hist'ry of *Achilles* slain,
And th' odious Memory of *Pelop*'s Sons revive in Verse.

II.

God of the Grape, thou potent Boy,
Thou only Object of our cordial Vows,
To thee alone I consecrate my Heart,
Ready to follow thee in ev'ry Part:
Thy Influence sweet Mirth bestows,
For thee alone I'd live and die in Scenes of Joy.
Thy Bounty all our Wishes still prevents;
Thy wond'rous Sweetness calms to soft Repose
Our wild Regrets and restless Woes,
And richly ev'ry craving Mind contents.
Without thee *Venus* has no Charms;
You Constancy to am'rous Souls impart,
And Hopes bestow to each despairing Heart.

III.

But, what involuntary Transports roll,
And seize, at once, my agitated Soul!

Into

Into what sacred Vale! what silent Wood!
(I speak not by the Vulgar understood.)
Am I, O God! O wond'rous Deity!
Ravish'd, brimful of thy Divinity and Thee!
To my (once Infidel) believing Eyes
Bacchus unveils entire his sacred Mysteries.
Movements confus'd of Joy and Fear
Hurry me I know not where.
With Boldness all Divine the God inspires;
With what a pleasing Fury am I fill'd!
Such raging Fires
Never the *Menades* in *Thracian* Caves beheld.

IV.

Descend, O Mother-Queen of Love,
Leave a while the Realms above;
With your gay Presence grace the Feast
Of that great God, who bears a boundless Sway,
Who conquer'd Climates where first rose the Day.
Descend, O Mother-Queen of Love,
At rich Repasts an ever welcome Guest;
But O ——, too long you stay,
Already young *Amyntor* brisk and gay
His lovely *Doris* o'er the Plain pursues:
The sparkling Juice at *Sylvan* Nymphs command
Richly distills from their ambrosial Hand,
And old *Silenus* copiously bedews.

V.

V.

Hence, ye profane,
I hate ye all, fly, quit the Field,
My ready Soul gives way
To those gay Movements, this important Day
Inspires, so to the Conq'ror willing Captives yield.
Come, faithful Followers of *Bacchus'* Train,
(*Bacchus*, most lovely of the Gods)
Enter these bless'd Abodes.
On high his verdant Banners rear,
And quick the Festival prepare.
Reach me my Lute, a proper Air
The Chords shall sound; the trembling Chords obey,
And joyn to celebrate this glorious Day.

VI.

But midst the Transports of a pleasing Rage
Let's banish ever hence,
By a blind Vapour rais'd, and vain Pretence,
Those loud seditious Clamours that engage
Only inhuman, brutish Souls,
By barb'rous *Scythians* only understood,
Who cruelly their flowing Bowls
At Banquets intermix with Streams of Blood.

Dread-

Dreadful, prepoſterous, Merriment!
Our Hands all gayly Innocent,
Ought ne'er in ſuch Confuſion bear a Part,
Polluted with a ſavage Centaur's mortal Dart.

VII.

From this ſweet innocent Repaſt,
(Too exquiſite, alas! to laſt)
Let's ever baniſh the rude Din of Arms,
Frightful *Bellona*, and her dread Alarms.
The dire Confuſions of pernicious War,
The Satyrs, Fauns, and *Bacchus*, all abhor.
Curſs'd be thoſe ſanguinary Mortals, who
Of reeking Blood with crimſon Tides
The ſacred Myſteries imbrue
Of our great God who over Peace preſides.

VIII.

But if I muſt wage War,
If ſo Neceſſity commands,
Follow, my Friends, advance your Hands,
Let us commence the pleaſing Jar.
With Wreaths of Ivy be our Temples bound,
Hark! to Arms, to Arms, they ſound,
Th' Alarm to Battle calls,
Lend me your formidable *Thyrſe* ye *Bacchanals.*

Double

Double your Strokes. Bold —— bolder yet,
'Tis done ——— How many Rivals conquer'd lie?
How many hardy Combatants submit?
O Son of *Jupiter*, thy Deity,
And Sovereign Power, we own, and Aid divine:
Nothing but Heaps of jolly Topers slain
I see extended on the Plain,
Floating in ruddy Streams of reeking Wine.

IX.

Io Victoria to our King,
To *Bacchus* Songs of Triumph let us sing;
His great Immortal Name
Let us aloud to distant Worlds proclaim.
Io Victoria to our King,
To *Bacchus* grateful Strains belong;
O! may his Glories live in endless Song,
The vanquish'd wel'tring on the Sand,
One Health from us their Conqu'ror demand.
Fill me a Bumper. Trumpet sound,
Second my Voice, loud, louder yet,
Sound our Exploits, and their Defeat,
Who quiet, undisturb'd, possess the Ground.
Io Victoria to our King,
To *Bacchus*, Songs of Triumph let us sing.

To

To this great Work now finished (God be thanked) I subscribe as usual in the like Cases of Books, for I love Decorum, and have an utter Aversion to Particularity, Prolixity, and Circumlocution. I say, to make short, I subscribe as usual, *&c.* in the like Cases, *&c.* for I love, *&c.* and have an Aversion, *&c.* the universally famous and most noted Name which is subscribed to all Books by what Name or Titles dignified or distinguished: Or of what Sort, Species, Size, Dimension, or Magnitude soever, Pamphletary or Voluminous; whether they be first and foremost, Plays, either Comical, Tragical, Comi-Tragical, Tragi-Comical, or Pastoral; godly, or prophane Songs, or Ballads; Sermons High or Low, Popish or Protestant, Dissenting, Independent, Enthusiastical, Brownistical, Heterodox or Orthodox; Philadelphian, Muggletonian, Sacheverelian, or Bangorian, Quaking, Rhapsodical, Prophetical, or Nonsensical; Legends golden or plain; Breviaries, Graduals, Missals, Pontificals, Ceremonials, Antiphonaries, Statutes, Spelling Books. Or, Secondly and Lastly, Tracts, Treatises, Essays; Pandects, Codes, Institutes; Primers, Rosaries, Romances; Travels, Synods, History Books; Digests, Decretals, Lives; Commentaries Anagogical, Allegorical or Tropological; Journals, Expositions, Vocabularies,

laries, Pilgrimages, Manuals, Indexes Common or Expurgatorial; Almanacs, Bulls, Constitutions, or Lottery Books, *viz. i. e.* namely, *to wit*, or, *that is to say*,

F I N I S.

Which being interpreted is,

The E N D.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

HAVING received the following Letter from a merry Friend, wherein are some (not unpleasant) Remarks, on the foregoing Treatise, I thought fit to send it to the Press, which the Reader, as he is at Liberty either to read, or let alone, so it is the same Thing to me, whether he does read it, or let it alone.

To the renowned *Boniface Oinophilus de Monte Fiascone*, A. B. C. Author of the most inimitable (and Non-pareil) Treatise, *Ebrietatis Encomium*, to be left with that Mirror of privative Perspicuity, Signor *Edemondo Curluccio*, at the *Bible* and *Dial* over against *Catherine Street* in the *Strand*.

Right Trusty, and well Beloved, I greet you well,

HAVING perused (at the Booksellers, who showed me the Sheets) your *Ebrietatis Encomium* all through, even unto *Finis*, or the *End*, I own I was not a little diverted

ted thereat. But as I never flatter any Body, ſo my Friends may leaſt of all expect I ſhould begin with them. I muſt, therefore, be frank and free with you, moſt renowned, and never-to-be-forgotten *Boniface, poſt nullos memorande ſodales*, and tell you, that you have omitted ſeveral Things very material, and highly conducible to the Elucidation, or Illuſtration (chuſe you whether) of your agreeable Subject. But perhaps they either did not occur to your Memory; or, which is the ſame Thing (*quoad Lectorem*) you were entirely ignorant of them, but which take as follow.

Firſt and foremoſt, amongſt your Philoſophers you have taken no Notice of the ſtupendous *Des Cartes*, with his wonderful Syſtem of Whirlpools (Vortices) and Particles cubic, conic, ſtriate, oblong, globular, hooked, crooked, ſpiral and anguilear: For who the Devil but a meer tipſey, giddy Brains, could have diſhed up ſuch a confounded *Hotch-potch* and *Gallimatias* of whimſical Rotations, or fancied that the whole Earth whirl'd round like a Town-Top, had not *Vinorum materia ſubtilis*, the circling Effluvia of *Liber Pater* abundantly invaded his capital Regions.

So

So have I seen in Days of Yore a Dame
At *Winchester*, who Seventy Winters knew,
Not more nor less, my Mistress then yclept,
Hight *Margaret*, deceas'd long since I trow,
Whose Fate I thus bemoan'd in Song sublime.
She's gone, alas! the beauteous Nymph is dead,
Dead to my Hopes, and all my eager Wishes:
Such is the State of poor unhappy Man,
All Things soon pass away, nought permanent,
That rolls beneath the Vortex of the Moon.
So when we've screw'd up to the highest Peg*
Our ample Lines of future Happiness,
Some Disappointments dire, or Chance disastrous,
Snaps the extended Chords. O! then farewel,
No more shall visual Ray of Form acute
Affect her wondrous Mien. Farewel those Lips
Of Sapphire Tincture, Gums of Crocus Die
Freed from th'ungrateful Load of cumbrous Teeth.
Mantle farewel, of Grograin brown compos'd,
Studded with Silver Clasp in Number plural:
With Jacket short, so famous, tory Red,

---

* *You must remember my Mrs's. Name was* Margaret.

Not

Not hemm'd, but bound about with good Galloon
Of deepeſt *Mazarine* (delightful hue!)
Farewel (I ſighing ſpeak) thoſe non-ſuch Shoes
Of obfuſc Colour (Heel of Form cylindrous)
In Loves true Knot of verdant Ferrit tied.

But Oh! Farewel, a long and laſt farewel,
To large *Ampull* with vital Water fraught,
Wherein the Effluvia ſoft and delicate
Of dulcet Anniſeed (not Coriander)
In its capacious Rim of Form anguillar
Whirl in ſweet Vortex. Hence it was obſerved,
The ſubtile Matter, when in Throat retir'd,
Kept ſtill its roulant Quality, and oft
Would mount in circling Spires to Pericranium
Of She-Philoſopher, when in elbow Chair,
Deep and profound, would the grave Matron reve,
And learnedly pronounce (like Great RENATUS*)
With equal Verity the World turns round.

Secondly and foremoſt, you ſhould have added at the End of the Philoſophers Chap-

---

* Des Cartes's *Chriſtian Name*.

ter,

ter, the Song of the *Tippling Philoſophers*, which I ſend you here incloſed.

The Bookſeller to whom I mentioned this, fancied truly, that you might think it too mean and trifling to inſert. But without troubling my ſelf to know, whether this be your Sentiment, or whether he ſpoke this of his own Head, I ſhall trouble my ſelf to tell you, as this Song is taken from an excellent *French* one, which you may find in a very famous Book *, and which (to follow your Method) you may know by the Note at the bottom. The Song (whether you have ever ſeen it, or not, I neither know, nor do I care) is as follows, and will go with the ſame Tune as the *Engliſh* (if I am not miſtaken).

---

* Fureteriana, *p.* 205.

CHAN-

CHANSON *a* BOIRE.

I.

JE cherche en vin la vérité
Si le vin n'aide a ma foibleſſe.
Toute la docte antiquité
Dans le vin puiſa la ſageſſe.
Oui ce par le bon vin que le bon ſens eclate
J'en atteſte Hypocrate,
Qui dit qu'il fau a chaque mois
Du moins s'enyvrer une fois.

II.

Socrate *cet homme diſcret*
Que toute la terre revere,
Alloit manger au Cabaret
Quand ſa femme etoit en colere.
Pouvous-nous mieux faire que d'imiter Socrate
Et de ſuivre Hypocrate,
Qui dit, &c.

III.

Platon *eſt nommé le divin*
Parce qu'il etoit magnifique
Et qu'il regala de ſon vin
La cabale philoſophique.
Sa table fût toujours ſplendide & delicate
Il ſuivit Hyprocate,
Qui dit, &c.

IV.

Ariſtotle *bûvoit autant*
Et nous avons lieu de le croire
De ce qu' Alexandre *le grand*
Son diſciple aimoit tant a boire.
*Qu'il degeula cent fois ſur les bords de l'*Euphrate
En ſuivant Hypocrate,
Qui dit, &c,

V.

L'ou veut que Diogene *aimoit l'eau,*
Mais il n'ent point cette folie
Il ſe logea dans un tonneau
Pour ſentir le gout de la lie.
Et pour mieux boire au pot, il jetta la ſa jatte
Et tint pour Hypocrate,
Qui dit, &c.

VI.

VI.

Democrite *près de ſa fin,*
Par une invention jolie,
En flairant ſeulement le vin,
De trois jour prolongua ſa vie.
Le vin retarde plus la mort, qu'il ne la hâte
Temoin notre Hypocrate,
Qui dit, &c.

VII.

Heraclite *toujours etoit*
En pleurs a cè que dit l' hiſtoire,
Mais ce que le vin lui ſortoit
Par les yeux à force de boire.
Par ce remede ſeul il gueriſſoit ſa rate
Comme ordonne Hyppocrate,
Qui dit, &c.

VIII.

Epicure *ſans contredit*
De bons bûveurs eſt le vrai pere,
Et ſa morale nous induit
Au plaiſir, a la bônne chere.
En vain l'homme icy bas d'un autre bien ſe flatte;
Suivous donc Hypocrate,
Qui dit, &c.

IX.

Esope *quelque fois la nuit,*
De complot avec la servante
Chalumoit sans faire de bruit
Les tonneaux de son maitre Xante.
Il en eut mis dix pots sous sa grosse Omoplate,
Il suivit Hypocrate,
Qui dit, &c.

X.

Galen, *ce fameux docteur*
En traittant du jus de la vigne,
Dit qu'il faut defendre le cœur
Contre la qualité maligne
Qui trouble nos humeurs, les altere & les gâte
Et rapparte Hypocrate,
Qui dit, &c.

THE

TIPLING PHILOSOPHERS.

I.

Diogenes surly and proud,
Who snarl'd at the *Macedon* Youth,
Delighted in Wine that was good,
Because in good Wine there is Truth;
But growing as poor as a *Job*,
Unable to purchase a Flask,
He chose for his Mansion a Tub,
And liv'd by the Scent of the Cask, *&c.*

II.

Heraclitus ne'er wou'd deny,
To tipple and cherish his Heart,
And when he was Maudlin he'd cry,
Because he had empty'd his Quart:

Tho' ſome are ſo fooliſh to think,
He wept at Mens Folly and Vice,
'Twas only his Faſhion to drink,
Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.

III.

Democritus always was glad,
Of a Bumper to chear up his Soul,
And wou'd laugh like a Man that was mad,
When over a good flowing Bowl.
As long as his Cellar was ſtor'd,
The Liquor he'd merrily quaff,
And when he was Drunk as a Lord
At thoſe that were Sober he'd laugh.

IV.

Copernicus too like the reſt,
Believ'd there was Wiſdom in Wine,
And thought that a Cup of the Beſt
Made Reaſon the better to ſhine.
With Wine he'd repleniſh his Veins,
And make his Philoſophy reel,
Then fancy'd the World, like his Brains,
Turn'd round like a Chariot Wheel.

V.

Ariſtotle that Maſter of Arts,
Had been but a Dunce without Wine,
And what we aſcribe to his Parts,
Is due to the Juice of the Vine.
His Belly, moſt Writers agree,
Was as big as a watering Trough,
He therefore leap'd into the Sea,
Becauſe he'd have Liquor enough.

VI.

Old *Plato* that learned Divine,
He fondly to Wiſdom was prone,
But had it not been for good Wine,
His Merits had never been known:
By Wine we are generous made,
It furniſhes Fancy with Wings,
Without it we ne'er ſhou'd have had
Philoſophers, Poets, or Kings.

Thirdly and *Laſtly*, I wiſh in *Chap.* 23. in your Anſwer to the Objection, *That one cannot truſt a Man that gets drunk*, you had been pleaſed to have taken Notice of the Taciturnity and Continency of the right Worſhipful the *Free Maſons* in this Reſpect.

For

For tho' otherwise they are *free* enough of Speech, yet I do assure you, as to Secrets, tho' some of them love the Creature very heartily, and carouse abundantly, yet has it never been known, tho' never so fuddled (for Free Masons will get fuddled) that they ever discovered any of their Secrets. This is irresistible, irrefragable, irrefutable, or if you will, to speak (*norunt dialectici*) *in stylo infinito*, non-resistible, non-refragable, and non-refutable, and, indeed, is my *Argumentum palmare Scotisticum*.

But and, *Fourthly* also, *and Finally*, you will give me leave to remark to you, That in relation to St. *Boniface*'s Cup, which you take Notice of *Chap.* XI. *p.* 65. *l.* 10. I do assure you, Sir, The Practice was some Years ago, to my certain Knowledge, much in vogue (and, as I am credibly informed, is still wonderfully Catholic) and, by the bye, take the following Relation.

In the beginning of the last Wars, when I was very young, I had the Misfortune to be Prisoner in *Luxembourg*, and not too civilly treated by the Governor, the morose Count *Dautel*. Close Confinement (tho' in the Post-Master's-House) with the unusual Smell of the Stoves (for it was in the cold Month of *March*) made me very ill, and worse in all probability should have been, had I not obtained the Liberty of the Town, which, after many fruitless Solicitations, I de-

deſpaired, from the ill-natured Governor, nor ſhould ever have had, were it not by the preſſing Inſtance of Father *Cripps*, a *German Franciſcan* Frier, of the Convent of *Luxembourg*, whom they called there *Heer* * *Cripps*, being Confeſſor to the Governor, and having been once ſent on a Meſſage of Moment from him to the King of *Spain*, *Philip* the 5th, now reigning.

This Father was really a good Man, and a Man of Honour, him I gained by the good Nature of the Poſt-Maſter, whoſe Son was then in his Noviceſhip, in the Noviciate of their Order at *Ulflingen*. I need not tell you, that by Noviceſhip is meant that Year of Probation, which thoſe who have a Mind to enter into any Religious Order in the Church of *Rome*, muſt paſs thro', before they can be profeſſed, or take their Vows. This you, who have been Abroad, muſt know as well as I.

This good Father, with much ado, obtained what I deſired from the Governor, who he ſaid was, *Homo mirabilis in negotiis ſuis*, which, by the ſequel of his Diſcourſe, I underſtood ſignified, a very ſtrange Man in his Affairs. Gratitude obliged me to invite this Reverend Father to a Glaſs of

---

* Heer, *in* High Dutch, *is the ſame as* Monſieur *in* French, *and is given to Perſons of the higheſt Diſtinction.*

Rhe-

Rheniſh, the Wine of the Country; which he frankly accepted of in the Afternoon, and, indeed, drank very plentifully, *more Germanorum*, as you have deſcribed. But tho' he would drink largely as well as his Companion, yet I muſt own, that in none of the many merry Bouts we had together (for he viſited me very often afterwards, as I did him, I never ſaw him ſo far advanced as to looſe his Reaſon) he never failed a large Glaſs brimful to St. *Boniface*, which he drank to the pious Memory of the good Father, *ad piam memoriam boni patris*, and ſometimes only to the good Father, *ad bonum patrem*. I found afterwards the ſame laudable Cuſtom of St. *Boniface*'s Cup in the *Low Countries*, *France* and *Italy*, &c. amongſt the Religious.

And now, before I ſubſcribe my ſelf,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient, &c.

give me leave to tell you, that the *French* Religious, who do not ſpeak much *Latin*, drink Healths in their own Language. But I was ſurprized, when I heard in a certain Monaſtery every one of the Fathers drink a full Glaſs to each other in theſe Words, a *Bumper*, as I thought. I am obliged to your Reverence (Reverend Father, ſaid I to the Procurator, who

ſat

ſat next me, and drank to me in the ſame Words) in drinking in our Country Language, you do me a great deal of Honour. It may be your Country Phraſe, ſaid the Prior to me, very gravely, for what I know; your Country Men make uſe of a great many of our Words, but the Thing it ſelf, let the Word (or *vox ſignificans*) be what it will, the Thing (or *res ſignificata*) is very laudable, and every one will practiſe, who has any reſpect for the Sacred See, Holy Church, and the good of his own Soul. Did you never hear of the Indulgencies that the good Father, Holy Pope St. *Boniface*, has granted to ſuch as drink his Cup, and which we have juſt now piouſly done? I ask your Reverence's Pardon, Reverend Father, ſaid I, I thought we had only been drinking a *Bumper* to one another. *Seulement au bon pere!* replied he a little warmly (for the Converſation was all in *French*, and which Word I till then miſtook for a *Bumper*.) Why, that is all, ſaid he, *mais* (continued he) *c'etoit au bon pere* Saint *Boniface*. You ſee, Sir, the *double Entendre* *, and, that

* *The Tranſition from* au bon pere, *which is pure* French *to a* Bumper, *is very natural and infinitely more ſo, than that* Golden Pippen *ſhould be derived from* Cooper, *which was ſaid to be effected, in proceſs of Time, after this manner,* Cooper, Hooper, Roper, Diaper, Napkin, Pipkin, King Pepin, Golden Pippin.

drink-

drinking of Bumpers, which some Precisians have ignorantly called Profane, is a Practice very Orthodox and Catholic.

Heigh Church militant, rare Church militant, dainty Church militant, O!

Dub. Dub. Dub. Dub a dub. Dub. Dub.

Tan. Tan. Tan. Tan. tara rara ra.

Adieu, mon tres-cher,

Votre ami tres-affectioné

&

Valet bien-humble

May 1, 1723,
From my Garret in
Bandy legged Walk.

F. SANS-TERRE.

P.S. I paid the Waterman Six Pence.

FINIS.

OMISS.

PAGE 75. line 20. after *like* read *Lupins.* p. 191. l. 4. after *Cylindrous* read *Worn only upon Days Non-ferial.*